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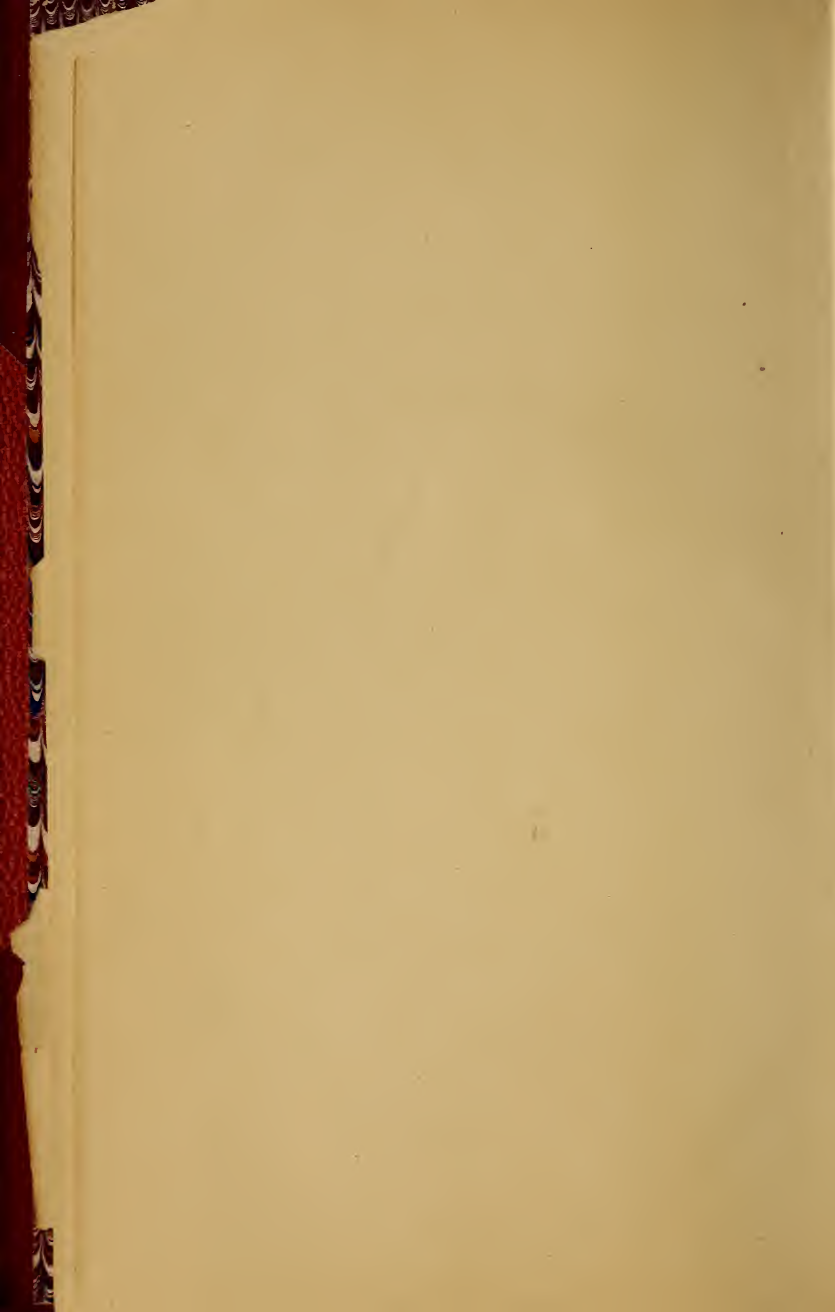
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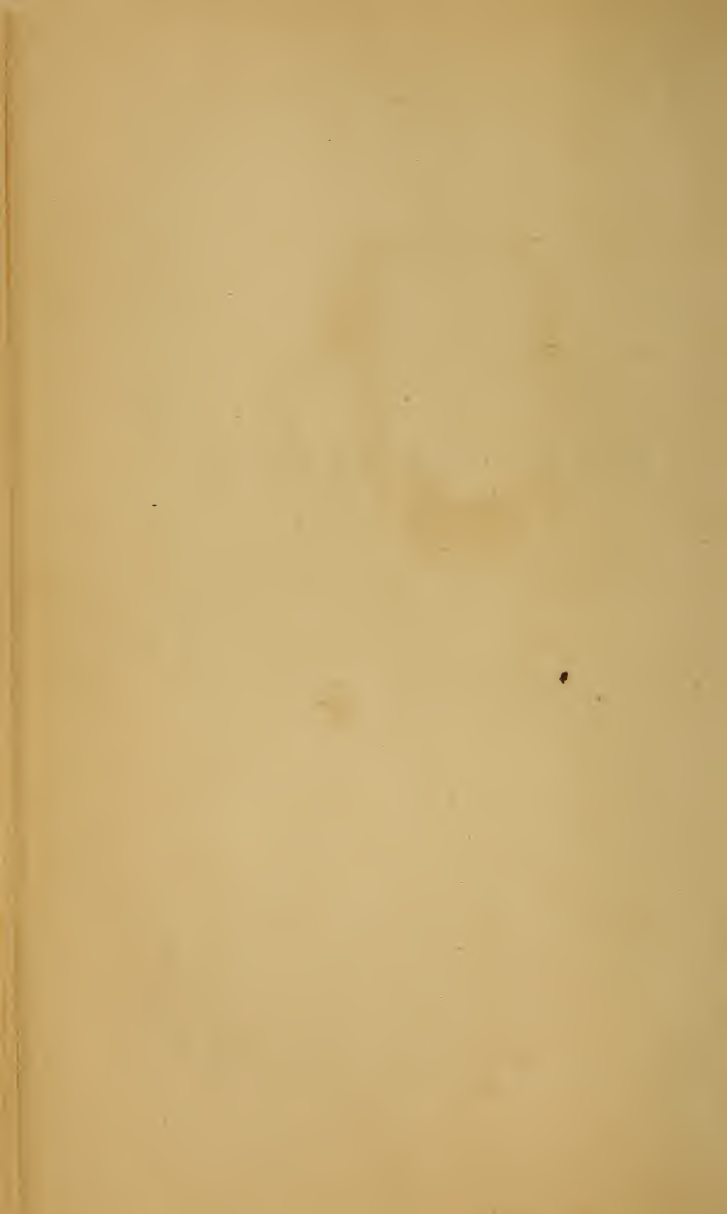




POEMS AND SONGS

BY

ROBERT GILFILLAN.







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POEMS AND SONGS.

BY

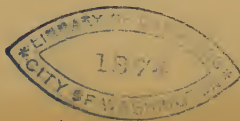
ROBERT GILFILLAN.

FOURTH EDITION.

WITH MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR, AND APPENDIX OF HIS
LATEST PIECES.

EDINBURGH :
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NOTE.

THE present edition of Mr Gilfillan's work contains all the pieces inserted in the volume issued under his own superintendence, in 1839, and also a supplement of his latest Poems, selected from his MSS. by his friend and brother poet, Mr James Ballantine. A list of the additions thus made is appended.

The memoir is from the pen of Mr William Anderson, author of "Landscape Lyrics," &c., and was drawn up chiefly from family communications.

EDINBURGH, *March* 1851.



CONTENTS OF APPENDIX.

POEMS.

	Page
Birth-day Recollections,	378
Dirge on John Wilson,	360
Land of Burns,	357
Lines Written in Restalrig Churchyard,	352
— On Hearing the Haarlem Organ,	355
— On a Mother's Death,	358
Ode to Winter,	370
Sabbath among the Moorlands,	372
To my Mother's Picture,	367
Voice from the Hermitage,	365
Withered Rose,	362

SONGS.

Come Hame, Lassie,	369
Eliza ! fairest, dearest treasure,	364
Hurrah ! for the Oyster-Dredging Song,	354
I have dreamed of thee,	379
Langsyne the flow'rets bloomed	375
My own, my true loved Marion,	377
Oh, weel I mind the days,	353
The mem'ry of the past,	371
The Rhine ! the Rhine,	381

MEMOIR.

ROBERT GILFILLAN was born in Dunfermline, in the county of Fife, on the 7th of July 1798. His parents were in a humble rank of life, but respectable and respected in their sphere. His father was a small manufacturer, having a few weavers working under him. His mother, whose maiden name was Marion Law, the daughter of Henry Law, also a small manufacturer in Dunfermline, was a woman of strong good sense, and high intellectual endowments. Their family consisted of three sons, James, Robert, and Henry, and one daughter, Margaret. Robert, the second son, inherited much of his mother's mental energy and independent feelings, and resembled her a good deal, both in talent and character. In a letter written by him in March 1848, to George Farquhar Graham, Esq., 31, Gilmore Place, Edinburgh, editor of Wood's "Songs of Scot-

land," in answer to some inquiry by that gentleman relative to the authorship of the song "The Braes aboon Bonaw," he gives some particulars regarding the clan of Gilfillan, and his own more immediate ancestors, which the reader will find full of interest :—

"EAST HERMITAGE, LEITH, 14th March 1848.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I regret I cannot give you any direct information regarding the author of 'The Braes aboon Bonaw.' Twenty-one years ago, R. A. Smith wrote me, inquiring if I were the author of the song. In reply, I answered that the song was written before I was born, and that my father, then living, believed it to be the composition of a second cousin of his own, who in early life went abroad, and died shortly after.

"The few families of Gilfillan in Scotland almost all *count kin*: the history of the clan being as follows :—Originally it belonged to the Isle of Mull; but, during the feudal wars, was overpowered by a more powerful clan, and completely extirpated. Two of the widows, however, by a coincidence, bore twin sons each, from whom we have all sprung. My great grandfather rented a small farm in Stirlingshire. His only son, Robert, my grandfather, chose the sea life as a profession, and became captain of a merchant vessel, trading to foreign parts. In one of his voyages his ship was captured by a Spanish privateer; but while the Spaniards

were below, rummaging his papers and cargo, he, with great promptitude, ordered the hatches to be nailed down, and placing himself with loaded pistols in the cabin stair, declared that the first who made his appearance was a dead man ! At the same time, he directed both ships to make sail for England, standing twenty-four hours as sentry over his double prize, both of which he carried safely into a British port. For this act of bravery he was recommended to government ; but merit, eighty years ago, was tardily rewarded. A change of ministers took place, and my poor grandfather's claims fell to the ground. He is buried in Torryburn churchyard, where a massive stone covers his humble grave. My father wrote occasional verses on local subjects, all above mediocrity ; but, with less vanity than his son, none of them were ever published. —Very faithfully yours,

“ROB. GILFILLAN.”

In a subsequent letter to the same gentleman, dated 23d March 1848, Mr Gilfillan says :—“ I forgot to say that my sister and the Rev. George Gilfillan, arrived at a fourth cousinship, to *their* entire satisfaction, but, as I am no genealogist, I could not follow them through their dreary and labyrinthian track. ‘The Yellow-haired Laddie’ was among the earliest airs I learned under *my own tuition*, upon a one-keyed flute, when a boy ; but I never tried words to it. Shall attempt.”

After receiving the rudiments of his education at

school in his native place, in the year 1811, while only thirteen years of age, by the advice of an uncle, who resided at Leith in comfortable circumstances, his parents removed with him to the latter town, where Robert was bound apprentice to Messrs Thomson and Muir, coopers. At this mechanical craft he served the usual term of seven years. In the above quoted extract of a letter to Mr Graham, he mentions having taught himself to play a well-known favourite air on a one-keyed flute, and there is something interesting in the way in which he first became possessor of such an instrument. During the time he was with Messrs Thomson and Muir, his wages were invariably given as he received them, with punctual fidelity, to his mother. Shortly after commencing his apprenticeship, he had expressed to her a wish to save a little weekly, for the purpose of buying a flute, an instrument which he longed to possess ; but she thought this savoured of extravagance in a boy so young, and dissuaded him from all idea of it. With that respect for his mother's wishes which ever formed a strong principle of his nature, he readily acquiesced ; but one dark morning soon after, as he was hurrying along an obscure street of Leith to his work, he found a small sum of money, with which he was enabled to purchase what he had been so anxious to obtain, but which his filial feelings would not allow him to procure by the appropriation of any portion of the money destined for his mother.

On the expiry of his apprenticeship, he returned, in

1818, to Dunfermline, where, having relinquished the cooper trade, which he never liked, he was employed for nearly the three succeeding years as manager of a grocery shop, which Provost Wilson of that town had taken and stocked with goods. On his return to Leith, he obtained employment as a clerk in the warehouse of Messrs Smith and Muir, oil and colour merchants, Quality Street, and remained with them till their partnership was dissolved. At this period he attended in the evening, for two winters, the School of Arts at Edinburgh, and acquired a general knowledge of mechanics, chemistry, and the physical sciences. He was afterwards engaged as confidential clerk to Mr M'Ritchie, wine merchant, Leith, and the years he spent in the service of this gentleman, he ever characterised as the happiest of his existence.

The life of a poet seldom abounds in incident. His works, and the process by which he attains to the successful and effective expression of his feelings in "immortal verse," form a more perfect representation of his inner being, and give a more exact reflection of his true sympathies, than the mere everyday circumstances and habits which make up the narrative of his personal history ; and it is always instructive, and at no time can be uninteresting, to trace the first dawning of the poetic fervour in his mind, until it becomes matured and expanded into the full ripeness and fertility of true genius.

Mr Gilfillan first attempted song-writing while yet a

mere boy, before he had removed from his native town, and while yet his spirit was fresh and buoyant. He used to relate that once, during the Christmas holidays, when on a "guising" or masking excursion with other boys, he composed and sung some verses on the lamented death of Sir Ralph Abercromby, an event at that time of great national interest, and that his minstrelsy was rewarded by substantial marks of approval from the gudewives of Dunfermline, at whose doors his verses were chaunted. The practice of "guising" just before Hogmanay, has always been a favourite pastime among boys in Scotland. The custom, however, is now fast wearing out, like other once popular and time-honoured observances, both of old and young. In a manuscript volume of his poetry, which I have had an opportunity of seeing, he has recorded that the verses beginning "Again let 's hail the cheering spring," were his first attempt at rhyme. These were written in 1816, while he was still at his apprenticeship at Leith.

The romantic place of his birth, with the ruins of its ancient abbey, and

——"the woody braes,
And wee burns wimpling to the sea,"

beside it, early enkindled in his soul a love of nature and of home, which has found expression in some of his sweetest and finest songs. It was after his return to Dunfermline, however, when his seven years of apprenticeship to the dry and unpoetical hand-trade of a

cooper had expired, that his inspiration seems fairly to have commenced. Always attached to his birth-place, the beauties which surround it, with the cherished associations of his boyhood, had a powerful influence on his imagination; and he now began to express his sentiments in song. At the same time, anxious to improve his mind, and repair the defects of his education, which he was conscious was very incomplete, he devoted his leisure hours to reading, and to meeting with some young men of his acquaintance, of kindred feeling, for mutual improvement. The songs which at this time he composed, he usually recited to his companions at their meetings; and their approval encouraged him to proceed in a path in which he had, at that period, with the exception of Hogg, no living competitor. One of these, "Fare thee well, for I must leave thee," was written in 1821, before he left Dunfermline, on a young lady with whom he became accidentally acquainted, and who shortly afterwards died. In the same year he wrote three other pieces, namely, "I looked long at thy window, Love," "The Boatie's Rowing o'er the Deep," and "Blithe, Blithe, we'll all be merry." His readiness in conversation in society, even at this early period, and the ease with which he passed from the pathetic to the humorous, "from grave to gay," was one of his most striking characteristics; and his store of anecdote and story, both of a lively and affecting kind, was so great, that an old gentleman of Dunfermline, in whose company, and that of some others, he once spent an evening, re-

marked of him, that that lad Gilfillan would turn out either a Methodist minister or a play-actor. The lad turned out neither, but held on his own course, and obtained a place among Scotland's best and truest lyrists.

In 1827 Mr Gilfillan went with his mother on a short visit to some friends in the Highlands of Argyle-shire. The beauties of external nature, on this and subsequent visits to mountain scenery, appear to have made a considerable impression on his mind, as exhibited in his "Braes of Glenyalven," "O, the Gowans in the glen," "Flow Gentle Streamlet," "Ae bonny day, ae simmer day," and one or two others of his songs, wherein he has shown a strong love of nature; but his excellence does not consist so much in the power of describing natural beauty, as in the delineation of home scenes and home feelings, and the play of the kindly and domestic affections.

It was not until he had entered the office of Mr M'Ritchie that he ventured to contribute any of his poems and songs to the public press. His first printed pieces appeared, I believe, in a Dundee paper, and they at once attracted attention from the genuine Scottish feeling and truthfulness of sentiment which pervade them. In 1822, as I find from a jotting in his manuscript volume, he wrote but one song, that beginning

"Again let us welcome this day mair than ony,"

written for the Dunfermline Burns' club, 25th January

of that year, to the tune of "Wandering Willie." From this period, having tried and found his strength, he went on gradually producing those sweet and stirring lays which recommend themselves so powerfully to the hearts of his countrymen wherever heard, and which soon made his name familiarly known far and wide in his native land. His most prolific year was 1828, during which he wrote no less than twenty-two songs; among these was "Peter M'Craw," his most successful effort, and one of the most humorous, yet least offensive, satires in Scottish verse. It was his practice to read to his mother and sister his songs as he wrote them; and he was entirely guided by their judgment regarding them. He used to say that the first idea of fame which he ever entertained was when his sister and a young lady, a cousin of his own, wept on hearing him read his pathetic "Fare thee well, for I must leave thee!" Although he never married, he was not insensible to the charms of female beauty and female worth; and his love-songs are as remarkable for tenderness and simplicity as for moral purity and just sentiment. The latter characteristics indeed distinguish all his pieces.

Previous to their appearing in a collected form, his songs had become popular all over the kingdom, and he had been quoted occasionally, for a song or a ballad, by the Ettrick Shepherd in the celebrated "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of "Blackwood's Magazine," as the "fine chield down at Leith." Encouraged by this, and urged by many

of his friends and admirers, he produced, in 1831, a volume of about a hundred and fifty pages, entitled "Original Songs," which he dedicated to Allan Cunningham. Its merits were at once acknowledged; and Mr Gilfillan was hailed as worthy to be the successor to the lyre of Ramsay, Fergusson, Burns, Tannahill, and Hogg. He himself preferred his claims to be considered as a Scottish poet with the utmost modesty. "Had my education," he said in the preface, "been better than it is, this little work would probably have presented fewer inelegancies of language, and fewer violations of grammar." These, however, were trivial; and the book speedily secured for itself a circulation. The great charm of his pieces was found to consist in that combination of purity of feeling, graceful ease of expression, tenderness and natural simplicity, with a pleasant vein of quiet humour, which was peculiarly his own. Added to all this, as one critic well remarked at the time, most of his songs tell a story, convey a moral, or illustrate some leading idea, a requisite as essential to a good song as to a good sonnet, which we have Boileau's authority for valuing at the same rate as a long epic poem. The secret of his power as a song-writer, as it was that of Burns, was that he sought only to express natural thoughts in natural language, that he wrote from his own feelings, inspirations, and impulses, and that his verses appeal directly to the universal feelings and sympathies of our nature.

The success of this first adventure emboldened him to publish, in 1835, an enlarged edition of his songs, with fifty additional pieces. Soon after its publication he was entertained at a public dinner in the Royal Exchange Coffee-house, Edinburgh, when a splendid silver cup was presented to him, bearing the inscription, "Presented to Mr Robert Gilfillan, by the admirers of native genius, in token of their high estimation of his poetical talents and private worth. Edinburgh, 1835." On an occasion so honourable to Mr Gilfillan, eighty gentlemen, some of them from a distance, sat down to dinner. Mr Peter M'Leod, the composer of the music of some of Mr Gilfillan's finest songs, was chairman, and Bailie Veitch, of Leith, officiated as croupier. In proposing Mr Gilfillan's health, Mr M'Leod remarked that the contributions which he had already furnished to our stock of Scottish lyrical poetry, had placed him high in the estimation of his countrymen; and he predicted farther successful lyrics from his pen, which would increase and extend his fame. On returning thanks, Mr Gilfillan stated, that although early imbued with the love of minstrelsy, he had made poetry a pastime, not a profession,—a wand to play with, not a crutch to lean upon—and that he would rather forego the fame of the poet, than do anything to lower the character of the man. The goblet presented to him on this occasion is a massive and handsome cup. Its upper circumference bears, at different points, the Gilfillan arms, a national device, and a wreath of

bay leaves encircling the inscription, the whole splendidly embossed.

In the year 1837 Mr Gilfillan was appointed collector of the Police rates at Leith, the duties of which office he continued to discharge with the utmost fidelity, and to the satisfaction of his more immediate superiors, during the remainder of his life. On St Andrews' day (30th November) of the same year, he was, on the motion of the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Baronet, appointed to the honourable position of Grand Bard to the Grand Lodge of Free Masons in Scotland, an office which was originally created for and filled by Robert Burns. He was also, for a number of years, president of the Ayrshire Burns' club, and wrote several appropriate anniversary songs to the memory of our national bard.

In 1839 a third and larger collection of his volume appeared, with sixty additional songs. In his later years he contributed several excellent pieces to the "Dublin University Magazine," and other popular periodicals. For a period of twenty years he sent to the "Scotsman" newspaper, the chief portion of its Leith news, and other communications in prose. Many of his songs were inserted in that and other Edinburgh newspapers. He was for a long time also the theatrical critic of the "Edinburgh Chronicle."

Mr Gilfillan four times paid a visit to the Continent; but his attachment to home was so great, that he was restless and unhappy all the time he was away. On

one of these occasions, he returned to Scotland in the same ship which had taken him to Hamburgh, because he missed the “old familiar faces” of his friends and relations from beside him. His feelings on an occasion like this are admirably expressed in his own beautiful and pathetic emigrant’s song, “O, why left I my hame?” His fondly cherished remembrance of the days and the scenes of his boyhood, which was one of the most marked characteristics of his mind, is well expressed in many of his pieces, as well as in the following song, to the tune of “Good night, and joy be wi’ ye a’,” which he wrote for the “Alloa Advertiser,” to which he contributed several pieces.

S O N G .

TUNE—*Good night, and joy be wi’ ye a’.*—(Old Set.)

DUNFERMLINE town,—wi’ woody braes
 And wee burns wimpling to the sea—
 Frae fair Edina’s heights I gaze,
 My native place, ance mair on thee !
 And mind the days when hearts were young
 And bosoms bounding wild and free ;
 When blithest sangs were blithely sung,
 An’ a’ was mirth, an’ a’ was glee !

The braes whaur waved the yellow broom,
 An’ wild flowers grew in beauty fair,
 I clamb wi’ those, then in their bloom,
 That now, alas ! I see nae mair !

The bank, the bower, the streamlet clear,
We wander'd by the lee-lang day,
Nor thought the time would bring the tear
For friends departed, years away !

Thy Abbey wa's, time-honoured now,
Clad wi' the climbing ivy green,
In mould'ring ruin, mind me how
Their sacred haunts, were ours, I ween !
Or did we change the sportive scene,
We westward took our wandering way
To where the Forth comes in between
The Southern shore and ALLOA !

In foreign lands I've journey'd wide,
And noble cities looked upon !
Where towers lift up their heads in pride,
The highest that the sun shines on !
But, as the bright sun to the flower,
As moorland bloom is to the bee,
Or, to the green-rob'd earth, the shower,
Dunfermline town, thou'rt dear to me !

Mr Gilfillan lost his father on 30th April 1834, and on the 8th of January 1844, his mother died, at the age of seventy-three years and eight months, having been born 1st May 1770. In the "Witness" newspaper of the 13th January appeared the following well deserved obituary notice of that event :—"At 65, Constitution Street, Leith, on the 8th inst., Mrs Gilfillan, aged seventy-three years, the mother of the well-known poet of the same name. She was a woman of high intellectual powers, and one who, belonging to the middle

classes of society, was distinguished by high literary acquirements, united to a modesty that rather fostered the talents of others than exhibited her own. In Christianity, unostentatious; in benevolence, unbounded; and in charity, unwearied, she, as far as human weakness must be taken into account, displayed a perfect model of female character."

A more graceful and affectionate tribute to her memory was the following letter, which the poet himself addressed, on the 13th of the same month, to the editor of the "Alloa Advertiser:"—

"LEITH, 13th January 1844.

"MY DEAR SIR,—On the day I wrote for you the little song, to wit, the 2d inst., my dear mother was in good health, and all her faculties in perfect vigour, and on the day your kind note and 'Advertiser' came, the 8th, she was sleeping the sleep of death!—a sad event to a sorrowing family, and to me a blow that yet I can scarcely bear under, for if I hold any literary honour at all, I owe it to the early mental culture, the fine taste and strong intellect, of that excellent woman. Few in her sphere of life possessed so many acquirements, and the whole were deepened or modified by a pure spirit of genuine piety. Excuse this notice of one you never saw; but my heart is too full to keep it back."

On the 25th of June 1849, his sister died; and he was very sensibly affected by her death. As a farther

illustration of the strength of his domestic affections, his niece, Miss Marion Law Gilfillan, the daughter of his brother James, constantly resided with him, from her childhood till his death; and on two occasions accompanied him on his excursions to the Continent.

In April 1850, Mr Gilfillan, anxious to have the monument to Robert Fergusson's memory, erected by Robert Burns, in the Canongate churchyard, repaired, which it very much required, originated a subscription for that purpose, and was successful in an object which he had so much at heart. His own career was now fast drawing to a close. On Monday the 2d of December of that year, he was present at the dinner of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, at Edinburgh, on which occasion he sung some of his own songs, and appeared to be in his usual health. On the following day, he was well enough to be out of doors; but during the evening he complained of a headache, and kept at home. On Wednesday morning he rose at his usual hour, but soon after, about eight o'clock, he fell down in a fit of apoplexy, in his own breakfast parlour, in Hermitage Place, Leith Links. He was conveyed back to bed, and medical aid immediately procured; but, though he rallied for a short time, and was able to converse and give some directions, a second fit came on, of which he died about eleven o'clock on that day, the 4th of December 1850, aged fifty-two. His remains were accompanied to the churchyard of South Leith by a numerous and respectable company of friends; and a

monument to his memory is about to be raised, by public subscription, on the spot where all that is mortal of him is laid.

In private life, Mr Gilfillan was universally esteemed by all who knew him. In disposition he was kind, generous, and benevolent, and in manners simple, affable, and unobtrusive. His friendly and social qualities caused his society to be greatly courted, and as he sung his own songs, in a style which never failed to charm all who ever heard him, his company was often but too much sought after on convivial occasions, when his own habits and inclinations would have inclined him to forego them. He had won the respect and affection of his literary contemporaries, and had a large acquaintance and correspondence with many of the most eminent men of the day.

The peculiar place occupied by Robert Gilfillan as a poet, is already indicated in the brief sketch given of his life. His intense love of home and of his family circle, as embodied in many of his best songs, and to which I have already incidentally referred, strikingly evinces that, in this range at least, he possessed a clearness and strength of vision superior to any of his contemporaries, in whatever light his merits as a poet, in other respects, may be regarded. Accordingly, his "Happy days of youth," in point of truthfulness and natural beauty, has not been surpassed in lyric poetry in modern days; and his "Emigrant's Song," already mentioned, will live as long as the language endures. These two

lyrics, indeed, present different phases of the sentiment for home in so striking a point of view, blended with imagery so natural and appropriate, that, of themselves, they were sufficient to have stamped their author as a true poet. His "Peter M'Craw," perhaps the most original of all his songs, is a representation of a different aspect of the same sentiment. Though written on a real person, it was not meant to apply to any particular individual, but expressed the author's feelings at the invasion of home by a tax-gatherer rigorous in the discharge of his duty, and is decidedly one of the most vigorous satires that has been written in the Scottish dialect since the days of Sir David Lindsay. The rest of Gilfillan's poetry is coloured, more or less, by the rich and deep hues of his attachment for home, which pervaded and gave a tone to all his feelings. In this respect, indeed, his songs may be regarded as the most truthful and graphic illustration of this characteristic in Scottish sentiment and manners, and his happiest efforts in this direction will stand comparison with those of the best song writers on the same subject in any language.

From the earliest period, Scotland has been remarkable for the excellence of her lyrical poetry, a circumstance which springs, not from any mere mannerism of thought or form of verse, but from the inherent characteristics of her people. While our neighbours, the English, are distinguished for their broad universal sympathies, which are sufficiently shown in their man-

ners and customs, and in the large compass of thought of their dramatic and epic writers, the Scotch are more remarkable for the strength of their domestic affections, and kindly and social feelings : which are appropriately represented in the depth and pathos of their lyric poetry. Hence no nation can boast of as many songs as Scotland. For centuries before the time of Burns, her people possessed ballads, songs, and melodies, which, in delicacy and genuineness of feeling, are not excelled by those of any other nation in the world. But her poetic range was never large nor universal. Even Burns, with all his gigantic power of thought and expression, never travels beyond the simply lyrical ; but in this department he is so truly great, that, in point of strength, he must actually be ranked among the epic writers. As the oak is dwarfed by the thinness of the soil and the chillness of the atmosphere around it, so was Burns by the feelings and manners characteristic of his countrymen. In England he might have been a great dramatic writer, but born and educated in Scotland, his fine spirit became a mirror only of the national peculiarities of her people. To use his own words, he tuned “ his wild artless notes, and sung the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures of his native soil, in his native tongue,” and, in this province of poetry, he has never been, and is never likely to be, equalled or surpassed.

All other Scottish poets, ancient and modern, possess only a limited and prescribed range of vision in the

poetic circle. Burns's predecessors, Ramsay and Fergusson, can be regarded in no higher light than simply as truthful delineators of external manners. His contemporary, Tannahill, is chiefly remarkable for his exquisitely beautiful descriptions of Scottish scenery, mingled with appropriate allusions to the human sympathies which these awaken. Hogg chiefly exhibits vividly in verse the local manners and customs of his own part of the country, the south of Scotland, with occasionally the manifestation of a delicate sense of the supernatural, as in "Bonny Kilmeny." Robert Gillan fills a place in Scottish poetry altogether different and distinct from any of these, the acknowledged masters of Scottish song. He is certainly not so universal as Burns, nor so broad and graphic a delineator of Scottish manners as Ramsay, Fergusson, or Hogg, nor is he so keenly alive to the beauties of external nature as Robert Tannahill; but, in his own peculiar walk, that of home and the domestic affections, he has shown a command of happy thought and imagery, in which it may be truly said, that he has not been excelled, as a poet of nature, by any of his predecessors, with the exception only of Burns himself.

W. A.

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT GILFILLAN.

FAREWELL, my old, my early friend,
 A long, a last farewell—
 On all the mem'ries now recalled
 What need that I should dwell?

But when I look, in pensive mood,
 Back through the mist of years,
 The thoughts of happy hours long past
 Unseal the fount of tears.

Of gentle nature, guileless heart,
 The love of all was thine,
 And long, with deep and fond regrets,
 Thy mem'ry shall entwine.

To thee, and with no niggard hand,
 Was given the pow'r of song,
 The power to touch the finer chords
 That to the heart belong.

No passions fierce, no thoughts that lead
 The wav'ring mind astray,
 Were themes of thine. Pure feeling still
 Breath'd through thy simple lay.

No barren heights ye sought to reach,
 On vain ambitious wing,
 But wert content of homely things,
 In homely strains, to sing.

Farewell, again, departed friend ;
 Again, a long farewell—
 Of all the mem'ries now recalled,
 What need that I should tell ?

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

LAMENT FOR ROBERT GILFILLAN.

O MOURN, Scotland, mourn, for thy sweet poet gane,
Thy children, far distant, shall swell the sad strain ;
By hearth and by homestead, in cottage and ha',
Are lorn hearts deploring poor Robin awa'.

Where glen-burnies wimple, where hill-torrents flow,
Where gowden whins blossom, and strong thistles grow,
Where merles greet the gloamin', and larks hail the daw',
They've lost their fond lover, poor Robin awa'.

Old age totters feebly, and youth paces slow,
They linger, to mourn o'er their bard lying low,
While angel tears hallow the turf, as they fa'
Frae beauty's eyes streaming, for Robin awa'.

O genial the feeling his mem'ry imparts,
For deeply his lyrics are shrined in our hearts,
And rich as the fragrance when southlan' winds blaw,
The flower posie left us by Robin awa'.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

POEMS AND SONGS.

SONGS.

IN THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE.

IN the days o' langsyne, when we carles were young,
An' nae Foreign fashions amang us had sprung ;
When we made our ain bannocks, and brewed our
 ain yill,
An' were clad frae the sheep that gaed white on the
 hill ;
O ! the thocht o' thae days gars my auld heart aye
 fill !

IN the days o' langsyne, we were happy and free,
Proud lords on the land, an' kings on the sea !
To our foes we were fierce, to our friends we were
 kind,
An' where battle raged loudest, you ever did find
The banner of Scotland float high in the wind !

In the days o' langsyne, we aye ranted an' sang
By the warm ingle side, or the wild braes amang ;
Our lads busked braw, an' our lasses looked fine,
An' the sun on our mountains seemed ever to shine ;
O ! where is the Scotland o' bonnie langsyne ?

In the days o' langsyne, ilka glen had its tale,
Sweet voices were heard in ilk breath o' the gale ;
An' ilka wee burn had a sang o' its ain,
As it trotted along through the valley or plain ;
Shall we e'er hear the music o' streamlets again ?

In the days o' langsyne, there was feasting an' glee,
Wi' pride in ilk heart, and joy in ilk e'e ;
An' the auld, 'mang the nappy, their eild seemed to
tine,
It was your stoup the nicht, an' the morn 'twas
mine :

O ! the days o' langsyne—O ! the days o' langsyne.

This Song, and the others throughout the Volume to which his name is attached, are set to original music by my friend, Mr Peter M'Leod, and published in a splendid work, " THE MELODIES OF SCOTLAND," dedicated, by Royal permission, to Her Majesty the Queen.

THE SUMMER COMES.

THE summer comes, but not in joy,
 As I hae seen wi' somebody ;
 The sunny hours gang cheerless by,
 They dinna bring me somebody !
 Oh ! hone, for somebody,
 Oh ! hey, for somebody.
 He's ower the sea that's dear to me—
 Oh ! send me hame my somebody.

The echoes high yon cliffs amang
 Are silent now for somebody !
 And ilka wee bit birdie's sang
 Seems mourning for my somebody.
 Oh ! hone, for somebody, &c.

Down by yon broomy knowes sae green,
I meet nae mair my somebody,
Nor at the gloaming hour of e'en,
I wander wi' my somebody.
Oh ! hone, for somebody, &c.

The wild flowers blooming in the dell,
They mind me o' my somebody ;
For soon they'll take a sad farewell,
And leave me like my somebody.
Oh ! hone, for somebody,
Oh ! hey, for somebody.
He's ower the sea that's dear to me—
Oh ! send me hame my somebody. †

LAMENT FOR THE BARDS.

TUNE—" *Hame, Hame, to my ain Countrie.*"

THE harp of Scotia dear,
 That oft in joy was strung ;
 Alas ! 'tis silent now,
 And on the willows hung.
 The balmy breath of morn
 Awakes no more the strain,
 And to the gloamin' gale
 It kindles not again !

The minstrels famed in song,
 Who gave to song its fame—
 Ah ! whither have they fled,
 The high of note and name ?
 Alas ! not to the bowers
 Of song, and summer fair,
 But in the tuneless grave,
 We mark the mighty there !

The cloud that gathering comes
Across the evening sky,
Obscures in heavy gloom
The fair stars clust'ring high ;
So came the cloud of death,
While yet we thought it day,
And in the gloom of night
Took all our stars away !

The groves may yet be green,
The valleys still be gay,
And down the sunny glen
The blackbird pour his lay ;
But Scotia's harp no more
Swells in the vocal throng,
Nor heard the minstrel's voice
In rapture and in song !

O! THE FLOWERY MONTH OF JUNE.

O! the flowery month of June, again, I hail as
summer's queen ;

The hills and valleys sing in joy, and all the woods
are green ;

The streamlets flow in gladsome song, the birds are
all in tune,

And nature smiles in summer pride, in the flowery
month of June !

There's music in the laughing sky, and balm upon
the air ;

The earth is stamped with loveliness, and all around
is fair.

There's glory on the mountain top, and gladness on
the plain ;

The flowers wake from their wintry bed, and blush
in bloom again !

O ! the flowery month of June, my heart is bounding
wild and free,

As, with a fond and longing look, I gaze once more
on thee !

With all thy thousand spangling gems—a bright and
blessed boon—

That come to cheer and welcome in the flowery
month of June !

The lark hath sought an upward home, far in the
dewy air ;

While lowly by the rose's cheek, the blackbird's
singing there ;

Or, in its leafy bowers unseen, the thrush bursts
forth in song,

A low and pleasing melody the woody dells among !

O ! the flowery month of June, ah ! me, where are
the fond ones fled ?

No spring comes for the parted friends, nor summer
to the dead !

I miss them at the calm of eve, or sunny hour of
noon ;

Nor morning songs awake the dead, in the flowery
month of June !

BATTLE SONG.

LIKE thunders loud the war-drum comes
Deep rolling on the wind,
While battle spears, in bright array,
Like lightning gleam behind !

Come, freemen, then, with lance and shield,
And hearts of valour brave,
Hark ! freedom's voice is on the gale,
'Tis—Vict'ry or a grave !

No nerveless hand shall wield a brand,
For doubly sinew'd strung
Is every arm, by vengeance stern,
Or song of freedom sung !

As red leaves fall upon the blast,
When winds are tempest high,
So slaves shall fall before the free—
Awake the battle-cry !

'Tis not a time for lady's bower,
When 'gainst the free and fair,
With vaunting shout, dark foemen come
Our liberties to dare !

Yet soon each lady shall her knight
A laurell'd hero see :
A tyrant's sword, with vassal band,
Shall never match the free !

THE SIMMER SUN NOW BLINKS AGAIN.

TUNE—*The Lea Rig.*

THE simmer sun now blinks again,
 The laverock seeks the morning sky,
 The gowan glitters on the plain,
 The daisy on the mountain high ;
 And blithe my laddie on the hill
 Sings wi' a heart, save true love free ;
 His sang it seems to please me still,
 Although I ken 'tis a' 'bout me !

He speaks o' love, I think o' nane,
 He says without me he wad dee ;
 I bid him woo some ither ane,
 But aye he fondly turns to me.

His pipe is sweetest on the hill,
His voice is saftest on the lea,
I canna loe the laddie ill
That's aye sae unco fond o' me.

The bee is for the moorland bound,
The mavis sings the braes amang,
And nature, in her happy round,
Is rife wi' music, mirth, an' sang.
Alake ! my heart, whaur wilt thou gang ?
'Tis no as it has been wi' thee !
To be sae coy is surely wrang,
The laddie's aye sae kind to me.

AE BONNIE DAY, AE SIMMER DAY.

AE bonnie day, ae simmer day,
 As I gaed down the glen,
 I heard an aged minstrel sing,
 An' waesome was the strain.

Fareweel, he said, the mountain grey,
 Likewise the valley green,
 I've come to tak' a parting look
 Before I close my een.

Fareweel, ye burnies blinkin' clear,
 Sae gladsome a', I trow ;
 Ye rin ower fast for aged feet,
 I canna chase ye now.

Fareweel, ye laverocks o' the lift,
 Ye linties o' the lea,
 For I maun hear your sangs nae mair
 That aft hae charmed me !

My aged harp's in aged hands,
 An' it will sound nae mair ;
The echoes o' the bosky dell
 Are silent every where.

Oh ! we maun leave our blithest sangs,
 An' ilka canty tune,
When ance we find life's fleeting day
 Far yont the afternoon.

We canna love as we hae loved,
 Nor sing as we hae sung,
Yet wha wad care for turning auld
 When nae friends now are young ?

Nor care, nor strife, the morn o' life
 In joy gaed glintin' by,
The sun was aye upon the flowers,
 Or glancin' in the sky.

I lean me on this aged tree,
 Save Heaven, my only stay ;
We grew thegither, now we fade,—
 Twin brothers in decay !

HURRAH! FOR THE FOAMING SEA.

HURRAH! for the foaming sea, my love,
 Hurrah! for the foaming sea;
 The wave beneath, and the sky above,
 And a parting smile from thee, my love!
 And a parting smile from thee!

In budding spring the throstle sings,
 The lark in summer gay,
 But the ocean-bird its music wild
 Is piping night and day, my love!
 Is piping night and day!

O'er fairest sea I'll sing of thee,
 My lady-love, so true;
 By sunny shores of fairest green,
 'Neath skies of brightest blue, my love!
 'Neath skies of brightest blue!

What's freedom when the mind's enslaved ?
Or joy, when bosoms mourn ?
But my soul is free, for a smile from thee
Tells of a gay return, my love !
Tells of a gay return !

AWAKE, DEAREST MADALINE.

TUNE—*My Lodging is on the Cold Ground.*

AWAKE, dearest Madaline ! sweet love, arise
This fair summer morning to view ;
The sun's left his bed where the seas kiss the skies,
The lark his green couch 'mong the dew.
But the sun rising brightly, o'er nature, all gay,
On one fair as thee does not shine ;
Nor voice of the morning lark, wakening the day,
Can equal the music of thine !

From the long night of winter the flowerets come
forth,

And modestly blush into day ;

A joy and a gladness are over the earth,—

Arise, my sweet love, come away !

The summer appears, half in smiles, half in tears,

Thy beauty will heighten't the while :

The sweet little flower will outlive its short hour,

If thou on its fair blossoms smile !

The earth is all green, and all bright is the sky,

With songs grove and glen loudly ring ;

'Tis surely the season of love and of joy,

When summer is woo'd by the spring.

There's nothing awanting from pleasure like this,

Which nature gives fondly and free,

Save one to partake in the banquet of bliss,

And that one, fair Madaline, thee !

O! THOU BROOM, THOU BONNIE BUSH
O' BROOM.

TUNE—*Cowdenknowes.*

O! thou broom, thou bonnie bush o' broom,
I leave that land and thee,
Where freedom and thou hae flourish'd lang,
Where freemen still are free!

The Indian vales are rich and fair,
And bright is the floweret's bloom,
But what are the flowers and the myrtle bowers,
If I miss my native broom?

Then wilt thou come, thou bonnie bush o' broom,
And grow on a Foreign strand?
That I may think, when I look on thee,
I'm still in fair Scotland!

But, ah! that thought can ne'er be mine,
Though thou beside me sprang;
Nor though yon bird, to Scotia dear,
Did follow wi' its sang.

Thy branches green might wave at e'en,
At morn thy flowers might blaw,
But it wadna be on Cowdenknowes,
Nor yet by Ettrick Shaw.

O! thou broom, thou bonnie bush o' broom,
Thou bonnie, bonnie broom,
I maist could weep for days that are gane,
When I think on days to come!

My native land ca's forth a sigh,
And thou, sweet broom, a tear,
For I canna tak thee frae the braes
To which thou'st lang been dear.

O! thou broom, thou bonnie bush o' broom,
I leave that land and thee,
Where freedom and thou hae flourish'd lang,
Where freemen still are free!

PITY THE LADS THAT ARE FREE.

TUNE—*I hae a Wife o' my ain.*

PITY the lads that are free,
 Pity the chiels that are single ;
 For gude sake ! tak pity on me,
 I'm teased night and day wi' Jean Pringle.
 For lasses I carena a preen,
 My heart's my ain, an' I'm cheery,
 An' were't na for that cutty Jean,
 I'd sleep as soun' as a peerie !

What's beauty ?—it a' lies in taste !
 For nane o't wad I gie a bodle ;
 But her's hauntin' me like a ghaist,
 Is whiles like to turn my noddle !
 She's wooers—but what's that to me ?
 They're walcome to dance a' about her ;
 Yet I like na her smiling sae slee
 To lang Sandy Lingles the souter !

Yestreen I cam in frae the plew,
The lasses were a' busy spinnin';
I stoiter'd as if I'd been fou,
For Jeanie a sang was beginnin'.
I hae heard fifty maids sing,
Whiles ane, an' whiles a' thegither;
But nane did the starting tears bring,
Till she sang the "Braes o' Balquhither."

Last Sunday, when gaun to the kirk,
I met wi' my auld aunty Beenie,
I looked as stupid's a stirk
When she simply said—"How is Jeanie?"
An' at e'en, when I, wi' the rest,
Was carritch'd, baith Larger and Single,
When speered—Wham we suld like best?
I stammer'd out—"Young Jeanie Pringle!"

Last week I gaed in to the fair,
To wair out my Hallowmas guinea,
When, wha suld I fa' in wi' there,
A' dinkit out finely—but Jeanie!
I couldna gang by her for shame,
I couldna but speak, else be saucy,
Sae I had to oxtter her hame,
An' buy a silk snood to the lassie.

It's no but she's baith gude an' fair,
It's no but she's winsome and bonnie :
Her een, glancing 'neath gowden hair,
Are brighter, I daursay, than ony.
But pawkie een's naething to me,
Of gowd locks I want nae the straikin' ;
Folk speak about love—but they'll see
For ance, by my faith ! they're mistaken.

I promised the lasses a spree,
I promised the lads a paradin',
I canna well hae't—let me see—
Unless I get up a bit waddin'.
I think I'll send ower for the clark,
He might cry us out the neist Sunday ;
It's winter—we're nae thrang at wark,
Sae I think I'll just marry gin Monday !

NORWEGIAN SMUGGLER'S SONG.

AWAKE, ye midnight mariners!

The storm is loud and high,
And not a light, this livelong night,
Hath gleam'd athwart the sky;
And the seamew's heard—lone Ocean bird—
To scream most piteously.

But our bark is good—of the oak-tree wood—
And our hearts are bold and free,
And thus we sweep the troubled deep
By Norway's stormy sea;
And the winds may howl, as we onward trowl,
But dauntless men are we!

Old Ocean's rage, we fear not it,
Though wild its waters roar;
Our danger's when we spy the land,
Or touch upon the shore—
For a hundred hands are ready there
To seize our sea-brought store!

But we'll skim the wave to the midnight cave,
Where the cliffs hang o'er the sea;
And a golden piece who brings us there,
His guerdon it shall be;
And sword in hand we'll quickly land,
Then launch again to sea!

Away! fling topsails to the wind,
For the tempest's strength is past;
And bravely hath our little bark
Borne out the bitter blast—
And see, the mainsheet loosely hangs
In ribbons round the mast!

Come pour the wine-cup nobly forth,
And let him sing who pours—
“The winds, my lads, have had their song,
Now, messmates, we'll have ours!
Hurrah! hurrah! here's to the heart
That never shrinks nor cowers!”

'TIS SAIR TO DREAM.

Music by Josep de Pinna; published by Messrs Wood and Co.

'Tis sair to dream o' them we like,
 That waking we sall never see;
 Yet, oh! how kindly was the smile
 My laddie in my sleep gave me!—
 I thought we sat beside the burn
 That wimples down the flowery glen,
 Where, in our early days o' love,
 We met that ne'er sall meet again!

The simmer sun sank 'neath the wave,
 And gladdened, wi' his parting ray,
 The woodland wild and valley green,
 Fast fading into gloamin' grey!
 He talk'd of days o' future joy,
 And yet my heart was haflins sair,
 For when his eye it beamed on me,
 A withering death-like glance was there!

I thought him dead, and then I thought
That life was young and love was free,
For o'er our heads the mavis sang,
And hameward hied the janty bee!—
We pledged our love and plighted troth,
But could, could was the kiss he gave,
When starting from my dream, I found
His troth was plighted to the grave!

I canna weep, for hope is fled,
And nought would do but silent mourn,
Were't no for dreams that should na come,
To whisper back my love's return;
'Tis sair to dream o' them we like,
That waking we sall never see;
Yet, oh! how kindly was the smile
My laddie in my sleep gave me!

WE'VE A BONNIE WEE FLOWER,
IN A FAR COUNTRIE.

TUNE—*The Brier Bush.*

Published to Music by Messrs Paterson and Roy, Edinburgh.

WE'VE a bonnie wee flower, in a far countrie,
In a bright and sunny bower, in a far countrie,
Where the sky is ever fair,
And the myrtle scents the air,
O! our lovely blossom's there, in a far countrie!

May the Angels watch the flower, in a far countrie,
And tent it ilka hour, in a far countrie;
And the nightingale's soft song,
The spicy groves among,
Its slumbers shall prolong, in a far countrie.

There's gold to win and spare, in a far countrie,
And gems and jewels rare, in a far countrie;
But the brightest, purest gem,
From a fondly cherished stem,
Is the flow'ret we could name, in a far countrie.

We may not cross the main, to a far countrie,
Nor traverse hill and plain, to a far countrie;
But when the primrose springs,
And the lintwhite sweetly sings,
O! we'll welcome hame our flower, from a far
countrie! †

MANOR BRAES.*

TUNE—*Logan Water.*

WHERE Manor stream rins blithe an' clear,
 And Castlehill's white wa's appear,
 I spent ae day, aboon a' days,
 By Manor stream, 'mang Manor braes.
 The purple heath was just in bloom,
 And bonnie waved the upland broom,
 The flocks on flowery braes lay still,
 Or heedless wander'd at their will.

'Twas there, 'mid nature's calm repose,
 Where Manor clearest, saftest flows,
 I met a maiden fair to see,
 Wi' modest look and bashfu' e'e ;

* The seat of my talented friend, Lawrence Anderson, Esq.

Her beauty to the mind did bring
A morn where summer blends wi' spring,
So bright, so pure, so calm, so fair,
'Twas bliss to look—to linger there !
Ilk word cam frae her bosom warm,
Wi' love to win, and sense to charm,
So much of nature, nought of art,
She'll live enthroned within my heart !
Aboon her head the laverock sang,
And 'neath her feet the wild flowers sprang—
O! let me dwell, where beauty strays,
By Manor stream, an' Manor braes.

I speer'd gif ane sae young an' fair
Knew aught of love, wi' a' its care ?
She said her heart frae love was free,
But aye she blushed wi' down cast e'e.
The parting cam, as partings come,
Wi' looks that speak, though tongues be dumb ;
Yet I'll return, ere many days,
To live and love 'mang Manor braes !

THE BONNIE BRAES OF SCOTLAND.

O! the bonnie braes of Scotland,
 My blessings on them a',
 May peace be found in ilka cot,
 And joy in ilka ha'.
 Whaure'er a beild, however laigh,
 By burn or brae appears,
 Be there the gladsome smile o' youth,
 And dignity of years.

O! the bonnie braes of Scotland,
 Sae blooming and sae fair,
 There's mony a hame o' kindness
 And couthie dwallin' there ;
 And mair o' warldly happiness
 Than folk wad seem to ken,
 For the leal and happy heart
 Maks the canty but and ben.

O! wha wad grasp at fame or power,
Or walth seek to obtain,
Be 't 'mang the busy scenes o' life,
Or on the stormy main ;
When the shepherd on his hill,
Or the peasant at his plew,
Finds sic a share o' happiness
Wi' unco sma' ado?

The wind may whistle loud and cauld,
And sleety blasts may blaw,
Or, swirlin' round in whitening wreaths,
May drift the wintry snaw ;
But the gloamin' star comes blinkin'
Afore he maist does ken,
And his wifie's cheerfu' smile
Maks the canty but and ben.

O! the bonnie braes of Scotland
To my remembrance bring
The lang, lang simmer sunny day,
When life was in its spring ;
When, 'mang the wild flowers wandering,
The happy hours went by,
The future wakening no a fear,
Nor yet the past a sigh.

O! the bonnie braes of Scotland,
Hame o' the fair and free,—
And hame it is a kindly word,
Whaure'er that hame may be—
My weary steps I'd fain retrace
Back to the sunny days,
When youthfu' hearts together joy'd
'Mang Scotland's bonnie braes.

THE MAID OF ALLAN.

TUNE—*Gala Water.*

FAIR was the morn an' clear the sky,
 On ev'ry flower the dew had fallen,
 While I, to join in simmer's joy,
 Strayed by the bonnie brig of Allan.
 And there, in beauty's artless guise,
 A maiden fair did blooming wander,
 Pure as the morning light that lies
 On Allan's stream o' sunny splendour.

The saft winds breathed amang the woods,
 Whaur ne'er a leaf was sered or fallen,
 The sun flung gowd adown the cluds,
 To please the bonnie maid of Allan.
 Sweet bloomed the flowers in simmer bowers,
 While birdies, in their leafy dwallin',
 Together sang, an' echoes rang
 For joy around the maid of Allan.

How sweet the voice of wak'ning spring,
On bud an' blossom fondly callin',
But nature lists when she does sing,
For nane sing like the maid of Allan.
I canna boast of fortune's smile,
For aft her frown has on me fallen,
Yet walth could ne'er my care beguile
Like her, the bonnie maid of Allan.

O! for a cot by Allan's stream,
Wi' her whose love could banish sorrow,
Then days would glide in blissfu' dream!
Wi' ne'er a dread of coming morrow.
I've wandered far by burn an' brae,
Through mony a Highland glen an' Lawlan',
But had I her that I wad hae,
'Twould be the bonnie maid of Allan!

THE TRYSTING HOUR.

TUNE—*The Women Folk.*

ADOWN the glen the saft winds blaw,
 Adown the glen the burnies rin,
 Adown the glen my laddie comes
 My love to seek, my heart to win.

The trysting hour ! the trysting hour !
 What can a lassie say or do ?
 The Ay or No's a solemn word,
 When faithfu' lovers come to woo.

I'll braid my hair around my brow,
 The brow he's ca'd sae aften fair ;
 I'll try to quiet my anxious heart,
 For, O ! an unco flutt'ring's there.
 The trysting hour, &c.

Gin that my heart would guide my tongue,
Nae doubt but love would win the day,
But then, although sic were my thoughts,
I'd ne'er find words to tell him sae.
The trysting hour, &c.

A moment paused 's a moment lost,
Then why to speak should I be slow?—
But there he comes : now say, fond heart,
Is it to be an Ay or No ?

The trysting hour ! the trysting hour !
What can a lassie say or do ?
The Ay or No's a solemn word,
When faithfu' lovers come to woo.

DEEP MOANED THE NIGHT.

TUNE—*John Anderson, my joe.*

DEEP moaned the night, and ilka star
 Had quietly stown away,
 As hame I journeyed 'neath my plaid
 That's seen a better day:
 The wind soughed loud, and aye the cauld
 Gaed to my duntin' heart,
 Yet still I sang—My auld grey plaid,
 We twa sall never part.

I ance had gowd within my reach,
 But, like the faithless snaw,
 When just about to seize the prize,
 It melted fast awa'.
 My lassie left me for a lout,
 Whilk maist did break my heart;
 But still I sang—My auld grey plaid,
 We twa sall never part.

The grave of ocean holds a friend
That ance was dear to me ;
And mony a weel-kent face is gane,
That never mair I'll see !
For what is life, e'en at the best ?
We meet but just to part !
And thou, my plaid, art maistly a'
That gathers round my heart !

THE DANCING WINE, THE DANCING WINE.

TUNE—*Those Evening Bells.*

THE dancing wine, the dancing wine,
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the dancing wine,
When hearts are high, and bright eyes shine,
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the dancing wine !
Not gathered grape from Xerez' shore,
Nor purple juice, Oporto's store,
Not cooling Hock, from flowing Rhine,
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the dancing wine !

The Port is drank to banish care,
The Claret quaffed to ladies fair,
The Champaign bright does mantling flow
To raise our joy or drown our woe ;
While Hermitage, or Frontignan,
Awake the latent powers of man :
But give me nectar, all divine,
The dancing wine, the dancing wine !

For ladies, or for love-sick swains,
Bring light wines from Italia's plains;
For critic sour, or lawyer stern,
Bring Rudesheim, or Haut Sauterne;
For those who would in wit excel,
The beverage of the blue Mozelle;
But I, who would in all things shine,
Give me, give me the dancing wine!

The dancing wine, the dancing wine,
Not Vin de Grave nor Palatine,
Not Tuscan grape from Apennine—
O! no; but fill the dancing wine.
One draught—enough for every woe!
One draught—enough for all below!
One draught—enough for heaven divine!
Hurrah! hurrah! for the dancing wine!

O! WHAT IS THIS WORLD, WI' ITS
WEALTH AND RENOWN.

O! what is this world, wi' its wealth and renown,
If content is awanting ilk pleasure to crown?
And where that does dwell, be't in cot e'er sae low,
There's a joy and a gladness nae wealth can bestow.

There's mony a wee biggin', in forest and glen,
Wi' its clean sandit floor, an' its *but* and its *ben*,
Where there's mair o' that peace whilk contentment
aye brings,
Than is found in the palace o' Princes or Kings.

We canna get fortune, we canna get fame,
We canna behind us a' leave a bit name;
But this we can a' hae, and, O! 'tis na sma',
A heart fu' o' kindness, to ane and to a'!

They say that life's short, and they dinna say wrang,
For the langest that live can ne'er ca' it lang ;
Then, since it is sae, make it pleasant the while ;
If it gang by sae soon, let it gang wi' a smile.

Wha e'er climbs the mountain maun aye risk a fa',
While he that is lowly is safe frae it a'.
The flower blooms unscath'd in the valley sae deep,
While the storm rends the aik on its high rocky
steep !

My highest ambition—if such be a crime—
Is quietly to glide down the swift stream o' time ;
And when the brief voyage in safety is o'er,
To meet with loved friends on the far distant shore !

†

THE MIRTH'S LEFT THE GLEN.

TUNE—*Lumps o' Puddin'.*

THE mirth's left the glen, and the music the green,
 The auld steeple bell threatens aught hours at e'en—
 A stoup o' the strongest bring speedily ben,
 The night has a charm that the day doesna ken.

Your puir feckless bodies I canna understan',
 Wha flinch frae a tumbler when toddy's agaun;
 The pith o' the bauldest let ilka ane shaw,
 It's but a wee drap we can stand, after a'.

There's friendship that's true, an' there's beauty that's
 kind,
 There's gowd for the getting to them wha've a mind,
 There's a blink o' blithe sunshine in life's dullest day,
 An' the warld's no sae bad yet as some folk wad say!

If a sang frighten sorrow, then whaur is the sin?
We're dowie eneugh if we ance let grief in;
A cewart's a cewart the hale warld alang,
Sae stand to your glasses, and srieve us a sang!

A CANTY SANG.

TUNE—*The Laird o' Cockpen.*

A canty sang, O, a canty sang,
Will naebody gie us a canty sang?
There's naething keeps nights frae turning ower lang
Like a canty sang, like a canty sang.

If folk wad but sing when they're gaun to flyte,
Less envy ye'd see, less anger and spite;
What saftens doun strife, and maks love mair strang,
Like a canty sang, like a canty sang?
A canty sang, &c.

If lads wad but sing when they gang to woo,
They'd come na aye hame wi' thoom i' their mou';
The chiel that wi' lasses wad be fu' thrang,
Suld learn to lilt to them a canty sang.

A canty sang, &c.

When fools become quarrelsome ower their ale,
I'se gie ye a cure whilk never will fail,—
When their tongues get short an' their arms get lang,
Aye drown the din wi' a canty sang!

A canty sang, &c.

I downa bide strife, though fond o' a spree,
Your sair wordy bodies are no for me:
A wee dribble punch, gif it just be strang,
Is a' my delight, an' a canty sang!

A canty sang, O, a canty sang,
Will naebody gie us a canty sang?
There's naething keeps nights frae turning ower lang
Like a canty sang, like a canty sang.

THE HOUR IS COME, MY MARY DEAR.

TUNE—*Gala Water.*

(New Music by FINLAY DUN.)

THE hour is come, my Mary dear,
 That bids us part, an' part in sorrow;
 A waefu' fare thee well is near,
 Wi' nae blithe word to meet the morrow.
 Fare thee well!

There's love that time can ne'er subdue,
 An' hearts that absence ne'er can alter;
 As mine still constant is and true,
 Though fausely thus my tongue does falter,—
 * “Fare thee well!”

The simmer winds around us blaw,
The broom, wi' yellow flowers, is waving;
But, ere its gowden blossoms fa',
Thy love will angry seas be braving.
Fare thee well!

I mourn not leaving glens an' braes,
Where wild-woods wave o'er streams the clearest,
But there's a voice within that says,—
“A lang adieu to thee, my dearest!”
Fare thee well!

AGAIN LET US WELCOME THIS DAY MAIR THAN ONY.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DUNFERMLINE BURNS' CLUB.)

TUNE—*Wandering Willie.*

AGAIN let us welcome this day mair than ony,
 This day that, wi' pleasure, aye welcome returns;
 For then was proclaimed o'er thy wilds, Caledoni,
 The birth-day of genius—the birth-day of BURNS!
 The deeds of our fame sank in time's rapid river,
 Auld Scotia sat wae, till his wild harp was strung;
 That harp, whose sweet tones, O! they'll vibrate for
 ever
 The strains that breathe freedom where'er they
 are sung!

Nae doubt, there were ithers that shone bright before
him,—

The pastoral ALLAN, whose name is aye dear ;
And FERGUSON, O! every heart will adore him,
And shed o'er his memory sympathy's tear:
And names that will shine in auld Scottish story,
Bright stars that give lustre to Fame's glittering
sky ;
But BURNS, he arose, like the sun in his glory,
With splendour unrivalled, that never will dié!

But soon was the wild harp hung on the willow,
Soon closed was the hand that 'woke the sweet
strain ;
And soon was he laid on his low earthy pillow,
To charm and awaken us never again!
But still is he sung 'mong our glens and our moun-
tains,—

For echo hath whispered his name to the air,—
And still is he heard by our sweet gurgling fountains,
And still, in our bosoms, he's permanent *there!*

He came 'mid the storm, O! 'twas a sad omen,
Nae simmer smiled sweet when his birth-day was
nigh ;

He came 'mid the roar of the angry waves foamin',
He came 'mid the gloom of a bleak winter sky:
And sad was his fate, as the wild breeze around him,
And loud were his wails, as the stormy sea wave ;
At the dawning of life, misfortune it found him,
And only departed when he reached the grave!

But yet, though his life showed a prospect sae dreary,
He whiles bade defiance to sorrow and care ;
And aften the time slipped by unco cheery,
When friendship, unfeigned, was mingling there.
Then may the bright halo of friendship be ever
Around us, when this day aye welcome returns ;
A day that, in Scotland, will pass away never,
Without being hailed as the birth-day of BURNS!

I SING OF THE LAND OF AULD
SCOTLAND.

TUNE—*Fye, let us a' to the Bridal.*

I sing of the land of auld Scotland,
Where pinewoods in majesty wave;
Her rocks the abode of the eagle,
Her dwellings the homes of the brave!
Our fathers! they feared no invader,
For quickly the sword or the gun,
With hands that could wield them, were ready
To fight for the fields they had won!

Then, hey! for the land of the heather,
The land of the hill and the glen,
The land of the soft blooming maidens,
And land of the true-hearted men

O! wha isna proud o' his country?—

The country that's wedded to fame,

By patriots, heroes, and statesmen,

The high and the mighty of name!

Then pledge me success to auld Scotland:

She's fine, wad they let her alane;

For us, may we aye strive to follow

The footsteps of those that are gane!

Then, hey! for the land of the heather.

Our mountains—may plenty surround them;

Our valleys—may peace shelter there;

Our sons—be they generous and noble;

Our daughters—as good as they're fair!

Our moorlands—the home of the happy;

Our woodlands—the path of the free;

Our fond wish—the land of our fathers;

Our bumper—"Auld Scotland, to thee!"

Then, hey! for the land of the heather,

The land of the hill and the glen,

The land of the soft blooming maidens,

And land of the true-hearted men! †

COME, FILL MY WINE CUP.

Inscribed to Captain CHARLES GRAY, H.M.S. Vernon.

COME, fill my wine cup to the brim !

The cup a hundred friends gave me ;
And Captain Gray, I'll drink to him,

That's far upon the Grecian sea.

The south wind blows from Salamis—

The noble Vernon greets the gale,
And o'er the ocean wilderness

She spreads her sun-lit snowy sail !

Speed on, proud bark ! thou need'st not fear

Though waters swell, or loud winds blow,
Or though a hostile fleet was near,

Thou'dst fling thy thunders to the foe !
And foremost 'mong the strife of waves,

Or first amid the battle fray—

Where glory leads, or danger braves—

There would you find the gallant Gray !

His heart is of that manly mould
That neither shrinks from friend or foe ;
His bark through every sea has trowl'd—
Or India's heat, or Zembla's snow.
Come, fill the wine cup—pledge again,
From silver bright, the ruby wine—
Long live his sea-born lyric strain—
The honour his, the bumper mine !

While Scotia's maidens blossom fair,
The blue-eyed beauties of the land ;
And while of noble sons to dare
She boasts a brave and numerous band—
So long shall proud hearts sweep the sea,
'Mid warring winds or ocean's spray ;
So long this toast shall live to thee—
The good, the glorious, Captain Gray ! †

EMIGRANT'S SONG.

TUNE—*Gilderoy.*

THE gallant bark now quits the strand,
That bears me far away,
From kindred, and the friends I love—
Alas ! and lose for aye !
And soon my native hills and glens,
Now robed in summer's hue,
Shall vanish like a passing thought
That memory never knew !

The swelling sails are flapping wide,
As struggling to be free ;
And ocean, with its thousand waves,
Will soon my dwelling be :
For every sound that greets mine ear,
Of parting seems to tell ;
And wavelets, rippling to the shore,
Half-whisper—"Fare thee well !"

Edina, with her rocks and towers,
Now dazzles in my sight,
And ne'er, until this hour, appeared
So lovely and so bright !
And yet a saddening thought awakes
My bosom's every pain,
For ne'er, in gladness nor in gloom,
Shall I see her again !

Adieu ! thou seat of palaces,
Thou native spot of mine !
Where maiden charms, and manly worth,
In happy blendings shine.
Ye bright blue skies, that circle in
Romantic Scotia's shore,
I leave you for the murky cloud
And gathering tempest's roar !

Farewell, my harp ! that oft hath woke
The wildest, sweetest strain ;
I may not, will not, cannot touch
Thy thrilling chords again,—
Since her I leave, whose heavenly name
Thy silver tones well know :
In joy I might of Mary sing,
But not in maddening woe !

THE QUEEN OF MERRY ENGLAND.

TUNE—*Le Petit Tambour.*

O! the Queen of merry England,
 What Queen so loved as she?
 A gallant band she may command,
 In all her kingdoms three;
 And there the smile of beauty
 Still falls upon the free:
 O! the Queen of merry England,
 What Queen so loved as she?
 O! the Queen of merry England, &c.

O! the Queen of merry England—
 The Rose upon its stem,
 Shall twine with Erin's Shamrock
 Around her diadem;

Whilst the Thistle of Old Scotland

Shall ne'er forgotten be.

O! the Queen of merry England,

What Queen so loved as she?

O! the Queen of merry England, &c.

O! the Queen of merry England,

When sounds the battle drum,

With hearts of fire and swords of flame

A thousand warriors come,

To drive from land her foemen,

Or sweep them from the sea!

O! the Queen of merry England,

What Queen so loved as she?

O! the Queen of merry England, &c.

AWAY TO THE WOODLANDS.

AWAY to the woodlands, Eliza, my fair,
 The morning is bright and the valleys are green,
 The glad smile of nature shall welcome you there,
 Of fond hearts the dearest, of beauty the Queen.
 Away to the woodlands, the winter is gone,
 The green earth is budding in summer's array,
 The blackbird is singing, in deep mellow tone,
 Away to the woodlands, Eliza, away!

Away to the woodlands, the summer is near,
 The sun's on the lake, and the lark's in the sky;
 And, if the young rose is bedew'd with a tear,
 'Tis the soft tear of gladness, the dew-drop of joy.
 Away to the woodlands, and there we shall roam
 Till the sun woo the Ocean at calm evening's
 close:
 Your heart is my treasure, your bosom my home,
 And there all my fond hopes in safety repose.

AGAIN THE DAY.

(WRITTEN FOR THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE LEITH
BURNS' CLUB, 25TH JANUARY, 1827.)

TUNE—*Good night, an' joy.*

AGAIN the day, the happy day,
To Scotia ever dear, returns,
(O! it demands your noblest lay,)
That gave to Caledonia BURNS!
A day that we shall ne'er forget,
As lang as we hae breath to draw;
For we will drink the memory yet
Of BURNS, the bard, that's now awa'.

His tales, how aften they've been tauld,
His sangs, how aften they'll be sung;
His sterling sense aye charms the auld,
His playfu' strains aye please the young.

An' no confined to Scotia's tongue,
But spread through ilka English ha',
His fame, in Foreign lands, has rung—
The fame o' him that's now awa'.

O! what a great and glorious band
Hae rais'd themsels to heights o' fame!
The patriots, guardians o' our land,
The poet an' the warrior's name!
To these, ilk Scotsman proudly turns
Wi' fondest pride, wi' deepest awe;
But Nature only made one BURNS,
The proudest name the warld e'er saw.

An' aye, when this glad time returns,
While years, insidious, steal away,
To celebrate the birth of BURNS,
Some social few shall meet this day.
Then raise the cup, with heartfelt joy,
Though haply in 't a tear may fa',
An' drink it to the memory
Of BURNS, the bard, that's now awa'!

FARE THEE WELL.

TUNE—*Roy's Wife.*

Published to New Music, by R. A. SMITH.

FARE thee well, for I must leave thee,
 But, O! let not our parting grieve thee;
 Happier days may yet be mine,
 At least I wish them thine—believe me!

We part—but, by those dew-drops clear,
 My love for thee will last for ever;
 I leave thee—but thy image dear,
 Thy tender smiles, will leave me never.
 Fare thee well, &c.

O! dry those pearly tears that flow—
 One farewell smile before we sever;
 The only balm for parting woe
 Is—fondly hope 'tis not for ever.
 Fare thee well, &c.

Though dark and dreary lowers the night,
Calm and serene may be the morrow ;
The cup of pleasure ne'er shone bright,
Without some mingling drops of sorrow !

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
But, O ! let not our parting grieve thee ;
Happier days may yet be mine,
At least I wish them thine—believe me !

SONG.

TUNE—*I have seen, in the calm dewy morning.*

THEY will come ! they will come ! the bright flowers,
 In sunlight and beauty all gay ;
 But they bring not the fond happy hours,
 Nor music of years passed away !

The spring-time ! I hailed it with gladness—
 Its songs and its sweet flowery bloom ;
 But now I behold it with sadness—
 It wakes not the sleep of the tomb !

They are gone ! they are gone ! the light-hearted,
 That gladdened life's blithe early day—
 The young and the gay have departed,
 The loved and the leal are away !

66 O ! BID THAT SUN NOT SHINE SO BRIGHT.

Oh ! spring flowers are sweet softly waving,
And summer has blossoms in store,
But rather the wintry winds raving,
When friendship and love are no more ! †

O ! BID THAT SUN NOT SHINE SO
BRIGHT.

TUNE—*O ! no, we never mention her.*

O ! bid that sun not shine so bright,
In yonder summer sky ;
His glancing beams, on woods and streams,
Mind me of days gone by.

Give me the gloom of forest drear,
Or rock, by stormy shore ;
Why does he shine, since Madaline
Now smiles on me no more ?

I thought that love was ever kind,
That truth was ever true,
Nor thought I that a form so fair
Or change or coldness knew :

But now the bright illusion's gone,
My dream of joy is o'er,
For Madaline, once true and kind,
Now smiles on me no more !

Thou sun, that wak'st each blushing flower,
Thy light I still could see,
Did it bring forth a flower as fair,
One half so fair as she.

But blushing flowers are changing, too,
Like woman's love—soon o'er ;
O! do not shine, since Madaline
Now smiles on me no more !

YOUNG WILLIE, THE PLOUGHMAN.

TUNE—*Bonnie Dundee.*

YOUNG Willie, the ploughman, has nae land nor
siller,

An' yet the blithe callant 's as crouse as a king ;
He courts his ain lass, an' he sings a sang till her,
Tak tent, an' ye'se hear what the laddie does
sing :—

“ O ! Jenny, to tell that I lo'e you 'fore ony,
Wad need finer words than I've gatten to tell ;
Nor need I say to ye, Ye're winsome and bonnie,—
I'm thinkin' ye ken that fu' brawly yoursel !

“ I've courted you lang—do ye hear what I'm
telling ?—

I've courted you, thinkin' ye yet wad be mine ;
And, if we should marry wi' only ae shilling,
At the warst, only *ae shilling*, Jenny, we'se tine.
But love doesna aye lie in gowpens o' guineas,
Nor happiness dwall whaur the coffers are fu' ;
As muckle we'll surely aye gather atween us,
That want ne'er sall meet us, nor misery pursue.

“ The chiels that are christened to riches an’ grandeur

Ken nought o’ the pleasure that hard labour brings ;

What in idleness comes they in idleness squander,
While the labouring man toils a’ the lang day and sings !

Then why should we envy the great an’ the noble,
The *thocht* is a kingdom—it’s ours what we hae !
A boast that repays us for sair wark an’ trouble,
‘ I’ve earned it ! ’ is mair than a monarch can say.

“ The green buds now peep through the auld runkled timmer,

The sun, at a breath, drinks the hale morning dew,
An’ nature is glad at the comin’ o’ simmer,
As glad as I’m aye at the smiling o’ you.

The flowers are a’ springing, the birds are a’ singing,
An’ beauty an’ pleasure are wooin’ the plain ;
Then let us employ it, while we may enjoy it,
The simmer o’ life, Jenny, comes na again ! ”

OF BESSY BELL AN' MARY GRAY.

TUNE—*My Love, she's but a Lassie yet.*

OF Bessy Bell an' Mary Gray

Wha hasna heard, wha hasna sung ?

Twa bonnie—but it's mony a day

Sin' they were blooming, fair, an' young.

Ae lass, gude sooth, is plenty, O,

For ony douce an' sober man ;

Yet, though I'm baith, I've gatten twa,—

My Maggie an' my Mary Ann.

O ! Maggie is a bonnie lass,

As e'er gaed barefit through a glen ;

I'd toast her in anither glass,

Though I before had tippled ten :

E'en, after that, I'd aiblins brew,

Did strength permit, anither can,

An' drink to—Maggie ?—no !—to you,

My bonnie blue-e'd Mary Ann.

I think on Maggie a' the day,
I dream o' Mary a' the night :
Maggie's the sun's bright shining ray,
Mary the moon's pale modest light.
How happy could I be wi' baith,
Or either, as the auld sang sings ;
But, as it is, I'll tak my aith,
Nor day nor night me gladness brings.

My Maggie is the blushing rose,
That in the valley blooms sae fair ;
Mary the primrose wild, that grows
'Mang sweetest flowers, the sweetest there.
My Maggie fair, for you I'd dee,
My face, you see, is pale an' wan ;
But I maun live, to gaze a wee
On bonnie blue-e'd Mary Ann !

SHE'S AWA', SHE'S AWA', I LO'E DEAR.

TUNE—*Wha's at my Window, wha?*

SHE's awa', she's awa', I lo'e dear, I lo'e dear,
 She's awa', she's awa', I lo'e dear,
 Far, far o'er the main,
 To return ne'er again,
 Our ain happy valley to cheer, to cheer,
 Our ain happy valley to cheer.

Nae mair on the bright simmer e'en, simmer e'en,
 Nae mair on the bright simmer e'en
 Will the young join in praise,
 And the auld stand and gaze,
 As they did when she walked on the green, on the
 green,
 As they did when she walked on the green.

There was joy on the white ocean faem, ocean faem,
There was joy on the white ocean faem,
 When she went from our sight
 Like a vision of light,
But an unco heart-breaking at hame, at hame,
But an unco heart-breaking at hame !

The lily ance mair woos the plain, woos the plain,
The lily ance mair woos the plain,
 But my sweet modest flower
 To her ain native bower
Returns, oh ! never again, again,
Returns, oh ! never again !

THE MARINER TO HIS BARK.

O ! my bark, dost thou long to be free,
 That thou chaf'st thus thy keel on the sand ?
 Then, away ! for I love to career it with thee,
 Far away, far away from the land.
 We shall traverse where nought meets the eye,
 Save the green wave, or high flashing spray ;
 Where no sound, save the wild wheeling sea-bird's
 lone cry,
 Screaming welcome to us on our way.

Let us haste, for the light breeze is near
 That shall waft us o'er yon summer sea ;
 By the sun, bright and clear, our wild course we
 shall steer,
 And the stars our night compass shall be.
 Then, away ! my swift bark, o'er the deep,
 Bound along o'er the vast rolling main ;
 Like an eagle across the broad wave thou wilt sweep,
 And return to thine eyry again.

Many tempests have braved been by thee,
Where no haven of shelter was nigh ;
Thou hast plunged thy bold prow in each wave of
the sea,
Spread thy white flag beneath every sky.
Is there bliss to be found in this world ?
O ! that bliss I can tell where to find,—
On thy deck, my tight bark, with thy sails all unfurled,
And thou shooting away 'fore the wind !

O ! I dreamed, in my night-troubled sleep,
That our loved ocean wand'rings were o'er ;
Unheeded, I sank in the dark stormy deep,
And thou lay a frail wreck on the shore !
But away with such visions as these,
When thy true helm I thus grasp again ;
Thou art leaving behind thee thy track on the seas,
And our home is the far distant main !

AWAKE THE SONG.

Music by Miss R. A. CUNDELL.

AWAKE the song, and let it flow—

In strains of joy the chords shall swell;
Save when the tones breathe notes of woe
At friendship's close, or love's farewell!

And though the pleasure's mix'd with pain
When music's tones the past recall,
And picture forth the past again
In glowing tints, 'mid sunshine all!

Still wake the song—for, oh! 'tis sweet
To steal in dreams to hours gone by;
When those have met who ne'er shall meet,
And hearts now low, then mantled high!

As flow'rets budding forth in spring
Rejoice when freed from winter's thrall ;
So music comes when those who sing
The lov'd and lovely we may call !

Awake the song, and let it flow—
In strains of joy the chords shall swell ;
Save when the tones breathe notes of woe
At friendship's close, or love's farewell ! †

THE EMIGRANTS' WELCOME.

TUNE—*The Boys of Kilkenny.*

FROM the land of our sires, see, the valiant come
 forth,
 From the glens of old Scotland, the pride of the
 North ;
 And we, though away o'er the dark roaring main,
 Can think of our dear native mountains again.

They come not with trumpet, they come not with
 drum,
 In the fond ties of friendship our brothers they
 come ;
 And loud though around them the ocean may roar,
 The pilgrims shall rest when the journey is o'er !

They come, from the banks of the Spey and the Dee,
Where the heather is red, and the thistle waves free ;
Where the primrose grows wild, and the brier is in
bloom,
To the dark winter forests of Canada gloom.

They come, from the braes of the Tweed and the
Doon,
With age in its night, and youth in its noon ;
And soft blooming maidens, all lovely to see,
The joy of the brave, and the pride of the free !

They come, now as strangers, but strangers no more,
A welcome we'll give them, as we got before ;
We'll banish their sorrow if they should repine,
When they think on the " Scotland o' bonnie lang-
syne !"

Our homes shall be theirs, and the wood-fire shall
burn,
To warm and to welcome the wand'ers that mourn ;
And though different the sky and the landscape
around,
Oh ! 'tis home, oh ! 'tis country, where kindness is
found !

O ! THIS WERE A BRIGHT WORLD.

TUNE—*The Last Rose of Summer.*

O ! this were a bright world,—
 Most pleasant and gay,
 Did love never languish,
 Nor friendship decay;
 And pure rays of feeling,
 That gladden the heart—
 Like sunshine to nature—
 Did never depart !

To fair eyes no weeping,
 To fond hearts no pain ;—
 Did hope's buds all blossom—
 All blooming remain !
 No sorrow to blighten,
 No care to destroy ;
 O ! then what a bright world
 Of gladness and joy !

Did time never alter,
Nor distance remove
The friends that we cherish—
The fond ones we love—
A sky never clouded,
Nor darkened by woe—
O! then how serenely
Life's streamlet would flow!

Were pleasure less fleeting,
Nor brought in its train
The mem'ry of joys fled,
That come not again—
O! then what a bright world—
All gladsome and gay—
Did love never languish,
Nor friendship decay. †

WE CANNOT LIVE OUR DAYS AGAIN.

(Music by R. TEVENDALE.)

WE cannot live our days again,
 But we can dream them o'er ;
 Thus nightly visions, free from pain,
 Youth's sunny hours restore ;
 And, oh ! who would not prize the past,
 To love—to memory dear ;
 The golden moments could not last,
 But they in dreams appear.

Thus oft times summer's fairest child—
 Though summer's taken wing—
 The rose-bud, 'mid the wintry wild,
 Comes like a dream of spring,
 Till, 'neath some blast it bows and breaks
 In beauty's sad decay,
 And 'mid fond dreams the morning wakes
 To chase them all away.

BONNIE LASSIE, FAIREST LASSIE.

TUNE—*Coming through the Rye.*

BONNIE lassie, fairest lassie,
 Dear art thou to me ;
 Let me think, my bonnie lassie,
 I am loved by thee !
 I speak na of thy ringlets bright,
 Nor of thy witching e'e ;
 But this I'll tell thy bonnie sel',
 That dear art thou to me.

O ! beauty it is rare, lassie,
 Yet, though that beauty's thine,
 I love na thee for beauty's sake,
 'Tis just I wish thee mine.
 Thy smile might match an angel's smile,
 Gif such, save thee, there be,
 Yet though thy charms my bosom warms,
 I'll tell na them to thee.

Thy sunny face has nature's grace,
Thy form is winsome fair ;
But when for lang thou'st heard that sang,
O! wherefore hear it mair ?
Thy voice, saft as the hymn of morn,
Or evening's melody,
May still excel, as a' can tell,
Then, wherefore hear't frae me ?

Bonnie lassie, fairest lassie,
Think na 't strange o' me,
That, when thy beauty's praised by a',
That I should silent be !
For wha can praise what nane can praise ?
Yet, lassie, list to me,—
Give me thy love, and in return
I'll sing thy charms to thee !

WILLIE MILLAR O' THE GLEN.*

TUNE—*Andro' and his Cutty Gun.*

BLITHE, blithe is Willie Millar,
 The first o' friends, the wale o' men,
 Ye'll meet wi' few sae leal an' true
 As Willie Millar o' the glen !

His heart is true to nature's truth,
 Wha dinna ken him, dinna ken,
 The ae best friend to age an' youth,
 Blithe Willie Millar o' the glen !

* This little *jeu d'esprit* referred to my late valued friend, [WILLIAM MILLAR, Esq. author of the "Fairy Minstrel," &c. who, with a number of other bards, dear to Scotland, has, since the song was written—

"Passed from sunlight to the sunless land."

For wit an' lair that's matched by nane,
For keekin' into things far ben,
Ye'll wait a while or ye meet ane
Like Willie Millar o' the glen!

He's routh o' cracks, an' canty sangs,
Auld-warld stories nine or ten;
His fame through a' the kintra gangs,
Blithe Willie Millar o' the glen!

Like Wallace, wi' his auld Scots sword,
Sae Willie wields them wi' his pen;
Ye'd better tak him at his word,
Blithe Willie Millar o' the glen!

At Lawland jigs, or Highland reels,
The swankest cry, when he does sten',
"The deil's put lightning in his heels!"
Blithe Willie Millar o' the glen!

At funeral wark, or draidgie spree,
When folk are unco grieved, ye ken;
Or foremost at the bridal glee,
'Tis Willie Millar o' the glen!

A' Boston, Brown, an' Buchan's warks,
He has them at his finger en',
He might been ranked amang the clarks,
Blithe Willie Millar o' the glen !

At toddy-bowl, or brandy-cup,
At bicker or at tappit hen,
Losh ! how his e'e does kindle up,
Blithe Willie Millar o' the glen !

Blithe, blithe is Willie Millar,
The first o' friends, the wale o' men,
Ye'll meet wi' few sae leal an' true
As Willie Millar o' the glen !

O! COME, MY LASSIE, CALDER BANKS

TUNE—*Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw.*

O! come, my lassie, Calder banks
 Are blooming fresh an' green,
 Wi' sun an' shower—there's mony a flower
 Where snawy wreaths hae been!
 The primrose blooms upo' the brae,
 The lily by the burn,
 The sun shines wi' a downward glent,
 An' nature's smiles return!

Saft music frae ilk leafy bough,
 Fa's on the balmy air,
 Wi' singin' din the streamlets rin,
 And a', like you, is fair.
 Then come, my lassie, come wi' me,
 Adown yon birken shaw,
 Where breezes frae the bowers o' spring
 In simmer saftness blaw.

The laverock soars aboon the cluds,
 An' warbles, dimly seen,
The mavis learns his simmer sang
 Amang the leaves sae green.
O ! Calder banks are dear to me,
 For there, in love's fond hour,
Ye blossom'd forth, my lassie fair,
 Young beauty's purest flower !

THE TAX-GATHERER.*

TUNE—*Bonnie Dundee.*

O! do ye ken P— the taxman an' vriter?

Ye're weel aff wha ken naething 'bout him ava:
They ca' him Inspector, or Poor's Rates Collector—

My faith! he's weel kent in L—, P— M'C—.
He ca's, and he comes again—haws, and he hums
again;

He's only ae hand, but it's as gude as twa;
He pu's 't out an' raxes, an' draws in the taxes,
An' pouches the siller—shame! P— M'C—.

He'll be at your door by daylight on a Monday,
On Tyesday ye're favour'd again wi' a ca';
E'en a slee look he gied me at kirk the last Sunday,
Whilk meant—" *Mind the preachin' an' P— M'C—.*

* It is needless, perhaps, to state, that the running sentiment of this song is meant as a good-humoured joke against the profession, and not applicable to any individual.

He glowers at my auld door as if he had made it,
 He keeks through the keyhole when I am awa' ;
 He'll syne read the auld stane, that tells a' wha read it
 To "*Blisse God for a' giftes*,"*—but P— M'C—.

His sma' papers neatly are 'ranged a' completely,
 That yours, for a wonder, 's the first on the raw !
 There's nae jinkin' P—, nae antelope's fleeter—
 Nae *cuttin'* acquaintance wi' P— M'C—.
 'Twas just Friday e'enin', Auld Reekie I'd been in,
 I'd gatten a shillin'—I maybe gat twa ;
 I thought to be happy wi' friends ower a drappie,
 When wha suld come pap in—but P— M'C—.

I'm auld, now, an' donner't, though yince I was
 honour'd,
 Oh P— tak pity, and some mercy shaw !
 I yince had a hunder o' notes—do ye wonder ?—
 Hae ye made as mony yet ? P— M'C— !
 My yill stands nae mair in yon auld girded barrel,
 The rattans sit squeakin' in nooks o' the wa' ;
 Nae bonnie lass now bakes for me scon or farle—
 Ye've made a toom house to me ! P— M'C—.

* A devout legend, common in the seventeenth century, above the entrance of houses.

There's houp o' a ship though she's sair pressed wi'
dangers,

An' roun' her frail timmers the angry winds blaw ;
I've aften gat kindness unlook'd for frae strangers,

But wha need houp kindness frae P— M'C— ?
I've kent a man pardon'd when just at the gallows,

I've kent a chiel honest whase trade was the law !
I've even kent fortune's smile fa' on gude fallows,

But I ne'er kent exceptions wi' P— M'C— !

Our toun, yince sae cheery, is dowie an' eerie,

Our shippies hae left us, our trade is awa' ;
There's nae fair maids strayin', nae wee bairnies
playin',

Ye've muckle to answer for ! P— M'C—.

But what gude o' grievin' as lang's we are leevin',

My banes I'll sune lay within yon kirk-yard wa' ;
There nae care shall press me, nae taxes distress me,
For there I'll be free frae thee,—P— M'C—.

WHAT MEANS A' THIS SCORNING,
MY LASSIE ?

TUNE—*Tam Glen.*

WHAT means a' this scorning, my lassie ?
An' what mean thae looks o' disdain ?
It wasna your wont to be saucy,
It isna your nature, I ken.
Langsyne, when we met 'mang the breckan,
You laughed the young simmer day by ;
But now, sin' this turn ye hae taken,
Ye've grown unco scornfu' and shy !

If love be the cause, though I doubt it,
Be frank, just at ance, now, an' tell ;
I'll deave ye nae mair, lass, about it,
Gin I be the loved ane mysel.

But I'll steal to the fair agin Monday,
 An' buy you a braw prentit gown ;
 An', faith ! ye'se appear the niest Sunday
 The fairest young bride in the toun.

Then cease wi' your scorning, my lassie,
 An' gie me a kind look the while ;
 Leave them to be frowning and saucy
 Whase faces were ne'er made to smile.
 I'm but a puir hand at beseeching,
 And words hae nae mony to spare ;
 Sae I'll mak a short end o' the preaching,
 Gin ye will but listen the prayer !

AWAKE, MY HARP, THY SAFTEST LAY.

TUNE—*Fye, gae rub her ower wi' Strae.*

AWAKE, my harp, thy safest lay,
 And, O! let love be a' the strain,
 While ower thy strings I deftly play
 Till echo bring the notes again!
 An' sing how Peggie's blooming, fair,
 An' tell how Peggie's loving, kind;
 The sweetest form an' simplest air,
 The warmest heart an' noblest mind.

Her een wad strike a bodie blin',
 But, 'neath their darts, young love-beams play
 Like streaks of morn, that usher in
 The splendours o' the coming day.
 Her waving ringlets glossy hing,
 Her neck is pure as snaw new driven;
 Her eyebrows nane daur ever sing,
 They seem the pencil-wark o' heaven!

When Peggie walks at morning ray,
The wee birds round her beauty thrang;
And, when she smiles, the infant day
Awakes a' nature into sang.
Where'er she strays there I'll be found,
For I will follow in her train,
Until the happy time come round
That lovely Peggie's a' my ain.

THOU WEARY MORN.

TUNE—*Gude nicht, an' joy.*

THOU weary morn, when wilt thou dawn?

And yet nae gladness comes wi' day;

But day an' night I mourning sigh

For loved hours fled an' joys away.

My laddie was the kindest swain,

An' sought my heart wi' a' his skill,

An' yet I've tint that lad sae true

Wi' woman's pride an' woman's will.

It wasna but I lo'ed him weel,

It wasna but I thought him kind,

But just that silly pride o' heart

That lovers shouldna ever mind.

He tauld me that my heart was proud,

An' what he said was maybe true;

But little does my laddie ken

How humbled low that heart is now!

At kirk I keekit aff my book
To see if he would look at me,
But ne'er a blink gat I frae him,
Although the tear stood in my e'e.
An' when the preachin'-time was done,
Ilk lassie had her lover gay,
While I gaed dowie hame alane,
An', O! it was a weary way!

But the lav'rock sings high in the lift,
Although his nest's deep in the glen;
Sae, though my withered hopes are low,
They maybe yet will rise again!
The sun behind the cloud does shine,
Although his face we dinna see;
Sae my dear lad may yet prove kind,
Although it a' seems dark to me!

THERE'S PLEASURE WHEN THE MORNING SUN.

(Written to an ancient Border Melody.)

THERE'S pleasure when the morning sun looks ower
the mountain grey,

And shines on the flowerets a' blushing in the dew;
When the starnies in the blue lift in dimness fade
away,

And the little singing birdies their sangs a' renew.*
But no the sun o' morn, though in brightness he
appear,

And simmer in gladness come ower the flowery lea,
Can gie me sic delight as a smile frae my dear,
The lassie o' my heart that is dearest to me!

Her face it is the rose newly washed wi' a shower,
Her ringlets the slae-berries o' the jetty dye;
Her neck sae round and sma', is the bonnie lily flower,
Her een the dewy pearls in its bosom that lie.

The mavis' sang is sweet when at e'enin' hour he sings,
 And sweet is the blackbird singin' on the tree ;
 But the voice o' my lassie a sweeter music brings,
 The lassie o' my heart that is dearest to me !

The shepherd loves the shade at the sunny hour o'
 noon,
 When his flocks on the green braes are a' feeding by ;
 The bard loves to wander beneath the smiling moon,
 When the wind scarcely breathes through the blue
 e'ening sky.

The bee loves the wild flowers adown the glen that
 blaw,

The lammie the gowan that blossoms on the lea ;
 * Sae I lo'e my bonnie lassie, the fairest of a',
 The lassie o' my heart that is dearest to me !

I carena for grandeur nor fortune's fickle smile,
 I sigh na for walth, sin' it never can be mine ;
 Could riches bring me joy, or my sorrows beguile,
 Like the jewel that I prize an' never shall tine ?
 Her beauty's but the image o' her pure heart within,
 The language o' her soul it is tauld in her e'e ;
 And her love mair than gowd I will ever seek to win,
 The love o' my lassie that's dearest to me !

ON SIMMER NIGHTS, WHEN SAFT WINDS BLAW.

TUNE—*Willie was a Wanton Wag.*

(WRITTEN FOR THE CLUNIE CURLING CLUB, 1835.)

ON simmer nights, when saft winds blaw,
 An' flowers on ilka bank are seen,
 To throw the bowl, or toss the ba',
 The lads assemble on the green;
 But bolder sport is ours, I ween—
 The gay, the gallant, and the free—
 When winter comes, in siller sheen,
 A merry band o' curlers, we!

On Clunie loch the ice lies deep,
 'Tis crisping ower the moorland burn,
 'Mid frozen rigs the plough does sleep,
 Till wakening spring again return.

Then, chimney corners let us spurn,
An' to the ice-ground quickly flee ;
We'll play them yet a souple turn,
An' up the *rink* bear aff the gree !

A wide field, an' nae favour shaw,
We'll guard, or draw, or wick a bore—
Fair play, an' clear the ice o' snaw,
We'll leave them lagging on *hog-score* !
And now the gallant game is o'er :
Hurrah ! we've beat them ten to three !
Now, let us join in social splore,
A merry band of curlers, we !

Come, fill your glass or gie's your sang,
Or, listen to this toast o' mine,—
Here's "Icy winters, sax weeks lang,
Sic winters as we've seen langsyne !"
O, wha our manly sport wad tine ?
O, wha wad miss our canty glee ?
Be't nappy ale or sparkling wine,
A merry band o' curlers, we !

O! THE GOWAN'S IN THE GLEN.

(Music by the Author.)

Published by Messrs Wood and Co. Edinburgh;
 Republished in London to Music by Miss Cockagne, of the Abbey, Shrewsbury.

O! the gowan's in the glen, and the winter is awa',
 And through the budding birken tree the simmer
 breezes blaw,
 And my heart is wi' my lassie, though my lassie's
 gane frae me,
 O! my heart is wi' my lassie, for where else could
 it be!

O! the simmer morn is sweet, wi' its sunshine and
 its dew,
 But sweeter far my fairest, wi' her een o' clearest
 blue;
 I'll welcome hame my lassie, for she's been lang frae
 me,
 Ye'll get a blink o' beauty when ye my lassie see!

O ! wi' her I'd fondly stray far frae the city's din,
Where the bonnie streamlets play, and the singin'
burnies rin ;

Where the laverock is piping his music in the cluds,
And the blackbird is pouring his wild notes in the
woods !

O ! her love is ever true, an' her heart is ever warm,
Her smile to nature's loveliness it adds anither charm ;
O ! the gowan's in the glen, an' the lily's on the lea,
An' my heart is wi' my lassie, where'er my lassie be !

AGAIN LET'S HAIL THE CHEERING SPRING.*

AGAIN let's hail the cheering spring
 That now returns, an' a' that ;
 The little birds now gladly sing
 Their artless notes, for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Bleak winter's fled, an' a' that ;
 Nae mair we see the leafless tree,
 For verdure blooms ower a' that.

The snawy glen an' gloomy fen,
 That dreary seemed, an' a' that,
 Hae now become the shepherd's home,
 Wha envies nane, for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Real grandeur we may ca' that ;
 Content does smile, an' fraud an' guile
 Ne'er enters there, for a' that.

* This, and the three pieces which follow, are juvenile productions.

The primrose, frae its grassy bed,
 Adorns the banks, an' a' that;
 The daisy lifts its crimson head
 Amang the braes, for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 For Nature's hand maks braw that;
 Art still may try, but when will 't vie
 Wi' Nature's sel', in a' that?

The farmer now gars "speed the plough,"
 An' seed fu' thrang does saw that;
 He dreads nae harms, nor war's alarms,
 For peace smiles sweet ower a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Lang may 't abide, for a' that:
 Now sword an' spear the ground uptear,
 As men of old foresaw that!

Lang may auld Scotland aye retain
 Her ancient worth, an' a' that;
 Ilk knavish plot may she disdain,
 An' slavery keep awa' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Her *rights* there's nane shall thraw that;
 May peace an' wealth, an' joy an' health,
 Reign ower her plains, for a' that!

THE TRUMP OF WAR HATH CEASED TO
BLOW.

TUNE—*The White Cockade.*

THE trump of war hath ceased to blow,
And Britain has no more a foe ;
The sword is sheathed that Scotia drew,
That gleamed so red on Waterloo.
That morn in darkness rose the sun,
And darkly, too, our weapons shone ;
And lightning's flash displayed to view
The blood-stained field of Waterloo.

At morn they rushed to meet the foe,
But night beheld the warriors low ;
At morn they marched o'er spangled dew,
At night they bled on Waterloo.

The shout of victory rose on high,
But closed in death the victors lie ;
Yet the sun shall take his last adieu,
Ere the fame shall cease of Waterloo !

The trumpet sounds, but ne'er again
Shall Scotia's warriors hear the strain ;
They sleep, but not on their mountains blue,
The heroes' bed is Waterloo !
Britannia weeps for many a son,
And a wail is heard in Caledon
For the gallant youths, so brave and true,
Who, fighting, fell on Waterloo !

BLITHE, BLITHE, WE'LL A' BE MERRY.

TUNE—*Andro' and his Cutty Gun.*

BLITHE, blithe, we'll a' be merry,
 Let social harmony prevail ;
 Wha wad care for port or sherry,
 Whan they've Scotia's nappy ale ?

It cheers the heart frae gloomy care,
 It gies new vigour to the mind ;
 It stilleth strife to rise nae mair,
 An' friendship's social link does bind.
 Blithe, blithe, &c.

In days o' yore, how aft we've seen
 A bicker rouse a sang or tale ;
 Sae let us be as we hae been,
 For here's the nappy—here's the ale !
 Blithe, blithe, &c.

Here's to the land o' rock and stream,
 The land o' mountain, muir, and dale;
 The land where freedom's star does gleam,
 The land o' cakes and nappy ale!

Blithe, blithe, we'll a' be merry,
 Let social harmony prevail;
 Wha wad care for port or sherry,
 Whan they've Scotia's nappy ale?

PARODY.

(Written when part of the Duty was taken off Whisky.)

Scots wha hae the duties paid ;
 Scots wham whisky's aft made glad ;
 Welcome, for the duty's fled,

And it shall be free !

Now's the time and now's the hour !

See the shades of evening lour ;

See the streams of toddy pour—

Pledge it three-times-three !

Wha wad be a brandy slave ?

Wha wad shilpit claret lave ?

Wha of rum wad ever rave ?

When the whisky's free !

Wha for Scotia's ancient drink

Will fill a bicker to the brink ?

Scotsmen wake, or Scotsmen wink,

Aquavitæ aye for me !

By taxation's woes and pains!
By the smuggler's ill-got gains!
We shall raise our wildest strains,
 For it shall be free!
Lay the big gin bottle low!
In the fire the port wine throw!
Let the tide of whisky flow!
 Like liberty, aye free!

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the first rose of summer that ope's to my view,
 With its bright crimson bosom all bathed in the dew;
 It bows to its green leaves with pride from its throne,
 'Tis the queen of the valley, and reigneth alone.

O! why, lovely stranger, thus early in bloom?
 Art thou here to assure us that summer is come?
 The primrose and harebell appear with the spring,
 But tidings of summer the young roses bring.

Thou fair gift of nature, I welcome the boon;
 Was't the lark of the morning that 'woke thee so
 soon?

Yet I weep, thou sweet floweret; for soon from the
 sky

The lark shall repose where thy leaves withered lie.

O! if beauty could save thee, thou ne'er would'st
decay,

But, alas! soon thou'lt perish and wither away;
And thy kindred may blossom, and blossom as fair,
Yet I'll mourn, lonely rose-bud, when thou art not
there.

AWA', YE CAULD LOVERS!

(Written to a Gaelic Air.)

Awa', ye cauld lovers! what pleasure does't bring?
Ye seek na to taste o' the charms that ye sing;
Gie me the sweet lassie, baith modest an' free,
The lassie that's kind is the lassie for me!

Would I hae a lassie, however sae fair,
Wha, saving her beauty, could boast naething mair?
I'll tell ye, the lass that mine ain lass would be,
The lassie that's kind is the lassie for me!

A sprinklin' of modest wit, season'd wi' sense,
I'd quarrel nae meikle though she had the pence !
Nae doubt, had she nane, it were better, I say,
But whan will folk get a' thing just as they'd hae ?

A heart, at the sad tale of sorrow would mourn,
An' dance wi' wild gladness when joy did return ;
A cheek that is fair, and an e'e that is blue,
I'll speak na o' beauty—I've felt it ere noo.

Sic is the lassie I'd hae—wad ye ken ?
Gude keep me frae wranglings an' janglings o' men !
The dear ties o' love an' warm friendship be mine,
Where manly hearts glow an' where lovely eyes
shine.

The sweetest wee flower that on earth ever grew,
Wha'd prize sae its beauty gif nane durst it pu' ?
An' O ! durst I pu' my ain floweret sae fair,
I'd place't in my bosom, an' bid it grow there !

The saft showers o' love on its blossoms would fa',
I'd tent it as suns do the roses that blaw :
O ! gie me my lassie, baith modest an' free,
The lassie that's kind is the lassie for me !

THE BOATIE'S ROWING OWER THE DEEP.

TUNE—*The Boatie Rows.*

THE boatie's rowing ower the deep,
 An' hastening to the shore;
 O! guard it frae ilk rocky steep,
 Or ocean's angry roar!
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows ashore;
 Lightsome be the sailor's heart,
 When a' his toils are o'er.

The ship lies in the Roads o' Leith,
 Rich laden frae the sea,
 But Willie coming in the boat
 Is mair than gowd to me!
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows ashore;
 Lightsome be the sailor's heart,
 When a' his toils are o'er.

When winds blew an' the tempest roared,
 Wi' sleety blasts an' rain,
 I thought upon my Willie's ship,
 Far drifting ower the main :
 But the boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows ashore ;
 Lightsome be the sailor's heart,
 When a' his toils are o'er.

But though the winds an' waves combine
 To gar the tempest roar,
 I carena now, let them rave on,
 Sin' he is safe on shore.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows ashore ;
 Lightsome be the sailor's heart,
 When a' his toils are o'er.

AGAIN MY NATIVE COT APPEARS.

TUNE—*My only Joe and Dearie, O!*

AGAIN my native cot appears,
 My early haunts appear in view:
 How mony days, how mony years,
 Hae fled, sin' last I gazed on you!
 The bonnie woods are waving green,
 An' flowers are blooming, just as fair
 As if the simmer aye had been,
 Sin' last I took my fareweel there!

There stands the loch, as fresh an' clear,
 There blossoms still the hawthorn tree,
 But, ah! where are the voices dear
 That 'neath its shade aye welcomed me?
 The burnie rins as blithe along
 As it was wont in days bygane,
 An', hark! there's still the blackbird's sang,
 But, ah! I'm listening till't my lane!

How aft, in yonder plantin's glade,
I've pondered mony an hour an' day;
An' aften, 'mang yon braes, I've strayed
Wi' playmates, happy, young, and gay.
An' did I their glad faces see,
By sunny knowe or lanely glen,
(For ilka spot is dear to me !)
I'd think my boyhood come again !

How teems this hour wi' thoughts o' things
Lang past, though crowding into mind ;
What sad emotions memory brings,
When nought save memory's left behind !
The birds, when simmer flees awa',
A' sympathize in plaintive strain ;
But wha marks here these tears that fa'
For days lang fled, an' friends lang gane !

DUMFERLINE TOUN.

TUNE—*The bonniest Lass in a' the Warld.*

O, DUMFERLINE toun is a bonnie, bonnie toun,
 An' wha says that it isna bonnie?
 For gin we had again braw kings o' our ain,
 It would lift up its head yet wi' ony.
 O, Dumferline toun is a bonnie, bonnie toun,
 An' it tells o' auld Scotland's grandeur;
 For within it, langsyne, kings "drank the bluid red
 wine,"
 While their queens 'mang its bonnie braes did
 wander.

O, Dumferline toun, an' my ain native toun,
 Will ony ane daur to deride thee?
 Thou place of ancient name, which kings aye made
 their hame,
 And now they're a' sleeping beside thee!

Brave MALCOLM the sceptre, wi' MARGARET, did sway
In yonder palace, auld now and hoary ;
An' there BRUCE did ponder ower his country's wae,
How he'd achieve her freedom, fame, and glory !

O, Dumferline toun, thou bonnie, bonnie toun,
Wi' green woods thy valleys lining ;
An' the sun shines sae gay on ilka turret grey,
As if for thee alane he was shining.
O, Dumferline toun, thou art still a bonnie toun,
An' thy braes are as bonnie as ever ;
But the gowan's pu'd nae mair by the princely
bairnies fair,
And our gallant chiefs hae left thee a' thegither.

O, Dumferline toun, thou hast tint thy king an'
croun,
An' thy queens nae langer would tarry ;
But there's still a lovely queen near thy palace to be
seen,
An' I ca' her my bonnie "Queen Mary!"
O, Dumferline toun, an' my Mary's toun,
Though the fates hae caused us to sever,
Let days be as I've seen, an' let Mary aye be queen,
An' I'll be her subject for ever !

MY LOVE IS NO FOR GOWD.

TUNE—*Lucy Campbell's Delight.*

My love is no for gowd nor gear,
 An' neither is't for house nor lan';
 It's a' for her, my charming fair,
 My bonnie blue-e'd Mary Ann!

The snaw is white on Arthur's hill,
 On the loch below white swims the swan;
 But Mary's hand is fairer still,
 The lily hand o' Mary Ann!

In flowery June the roses blaw,
 Their crimson leaves the saft winds fan;
 But Mary's cheek wad shame them a',
 The bloomin' cheek o' Mary Ann!

I've speered at travellers, wha hae been
 Frae John-o'-Groat's-House to Japan,
 But fairer maid they ne'er hae seen
 Than bonnie blue-e'd Mary Ann!

BY ROSLIN'S ANCIENT TOWERS.

TUNE—*Sae Flaxen were her Ringlets.*

By Roslin's ancient towers,
 Where Esk steals slowly to the sea,
 'Twas there ae morn in simmer,
 My bonnie lassie fled frae me.
 Nae smile then—beguiled then
 A heart ower aften filled wi' care,
 But, eerie, an' weary,
 I sighed for her I saw nae mair:
 An' sought her 'mang the woods an' glens,
 Where bonnie wild flowers blooming sprang,
 An' wandered by the tinklin' burns
 That echoed ilka birdie's sang.

I speered for ane whase beauty
 Nane could forget that ever saw,
 A form that had nae equal
 In lowly cot or lordly ha'.

A pleasure—past measure,
Within her presence aye was found,
Sae cheering—endearing,
Was ilka smile she coost around.
I said her een were saftly blue,
Than jewels rare they brighter shone,
But nane had seen a face sae fair,
Though it seemed made for gazing on.

At length, in yonder valley,
To find her out I gat a sign,
For, round her ivyed window,
Birds sang mair sweet, flowers bloomed mair
fine.

There, peering—careering,
The laverock waked the blushing day,
Inviting—delighting,
The blackbird sang his e'enin' lay.
Twas there, in beauty's guise, I found
The lass for whom a' else I'd tine ;
An' now, on earth, what seek I mair ?
I've found this bonnie lass o' mine !

O GIN I HAD A KEEKIN' GLASS.

TUNE—*Loch Erroch Side.*

O gin I had a keekin' glass,
 I then might see my bonnie lass;
 O gin I had a keekin' glass,
 To keek at my love's window.

Her bonnie face I daurna spy,
 For cowart love has made me shy;
 I canna look as I gae by,
 Nor blink up to her window.

Had she been only half sae fair,
 Ane might hae gazed wi' heedless air,
 But ae glance—I could thole nae mair—
 Clean killed me at her window.

But yet the sight I wadna shun
For a' that e'er was looked upon;
Nae Indian worshippeth the sun
As I'd do at her window.

Her neck, sae fair, the lily dings,
An' round it mony a jet lock hings,
Her face wad draw a sigh frae kings,
Gif they gaed by her window.
O gin I had a keekin' glass,
To see my bonnie charming lass;
O gin I had a keekin' glass,
To keek at my love's window.

LET GALLED GREECE.

(WRITTEN FOR BURNS' ANNIVERSARY, 1828.)

TUNE—*Whistle ower the Lave o't.*

LET galled Greece an' fettered Spain,
 An' ither lands enslaved, complain;
 Gie us that spot—for it's our ain—
 They ca' it Caledonia.

Our fathers' bluid bought us that land,
 Whilk nane shall e'er wrench from our hand,
 For BURNS bade ilka Scotsman stand
 Or fa' wi' Caledonia.

Hail to the day that gave him birth!
 Be it aye marked for social mirth;
 Let latest ages o' the earth
 Aye hail't in Caledonia!

Hail to the land from whence he sprung!
The land that's named in ilka tongue;
Where BRUCE has fought, an' BURNS has sung,
The land o' Caledonia.

Waes me! puir Scotia, mony a day
Thy face was dowie, douf, an' wae;
Few o' thy minstrels tuned a lay
In praise o' Caledonia.

Thy warriors fought—but wha could tell
How beauty wept when lovers fell?
Till BURNS awoke the harp's wild swell,
An' sang o' Caledonia!

His sangs and tales breathed Nature's lair,
'Bout blithsome lads an' lasses fair;
An' nappy, famed for killin' care,
When brewed in Caledonia.

He sang—for weel the minstrel knew
Ilk valley green an' mountain blue,
Whaur flowers before unheeded grew,
A' dear to Caledonia.

But, ah ! how quickly ceased the strain,
Begun in care and closed in pain :
It paused—then faintly thrilled again,
An' whispered—“ Caledonia !”

'Twas he that raised our country's name,
We owe to him our highest fame ;
For, when we're mentioned wi' acclaim,
'Tis—“ BURNS an' Caledonia !”

JANET AN' ME.

TUNE—*I'd rather hae a Piece than a Kiss o' my Joe.*

O, wha are sae happy as me an' my Janet?

O, wha are sae happy as Janet an' me?

We're baith turning auld, and our walth is sune
tauld,

But contentment ye'll find in our cottage sae wee.
She spins the lang day when I'm out wi' the owsen,
She croons i' the house while I sing at the plough;
And aye her blithe smile welcomes me frae my toil,
As up the lang glen I come wearied I trow!

When I'm at a beuk she is mending the cleadin',
She's darnin' the stockings when I sole the shoon;
Our cracks keep us cheery—we work till we're
weary,

An' syne we sup sowans when ance we are done.

She's bakin' a scon while I'm smokin' my cutty,
When I'm i' the stable she's milkin' the kye ;
I envy not kings when the gloamin' time brings
The canty fireside to my Janet an' I.

Aboon our auld heads we've a decent clay biggin',
That keeps out the cauld when the simmer's awa' ;
We've twa wabs o' linen, o' Janet's ain spinnin',
As thick as doug-lugs, an' as white as the snaw !
We've a kebbuck or twa, an' some meal i' the gernel,
Yon sow is our ain that plays grumph at the door ;
An' *something*, I've guessed, 's in yon auld painted
kist,
That Janet, fell bodie, 's laid up to the fore !

Nae doubt, we have haen our ain sorrows and
troubles,
Aften times pouches toom, and hearts fu' o' care :
But still, wi' our crosses, our sorrows an' losses,
Contentment, be thankit, has aye been our share !
I've an auld roosty sword, that was left by my father,
Whilk ne'er shall be drawn till our king has a fae ;
We hae friends ane or twa, that aft gie us a ca',
To laugh when we're happy, or grieve when we're
wae.

The laird may hae gowd mair than schoolmen can
reckon,

An' flunkies to watch ilka glance o' his e'e ;
His lady, aye braw, may sit in her ha',

But are they mair happy than Janet an' me ?
A' ye, wha ne'er kent the straught road to be happy,
Wha are na content wi' the lot that ye dree,
Come down to the dwallin' of whilk I've been tellin',
Ye'se learn't, by lookin' at Janet an' me !

'T WAS NOT THE SONG, 'T WAS NOT THE
DANCE.

TUNE—*Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff.*

New Music by E. PLATT.

'T WAS not the song, 'twas not the dance,
That charmed me in the pictured hall,
But 'twas the light of her, whose glance
Awakened joy and love in all.
O! she was lovely as the spring,
When sun and song make glad the sky—
Fair as the young rose blossoming,
When summer's freshening breath is nigh.

And like the first far streak of light,
That tells to morn of coming day,
So beamed her eye, serenely bright,
A pure and holy, heavenly ray!

And every word that trembling fell,
In softest music, from her tongue,
Appeared as if, where angels dwell,
A minstrel angel raptured sung!

As dew of spring to flower of morn,
Or summer shower to leafy tree,
Or hope's bright ray to heart forlorn,
So her bright presence gladdened me.
The music's fled, the dance is o'er,
The song has melted into air—
But round my heart, and in its core,
The fair one dwells that charmed me there!

FLOW, GENTLE STREAMLET.

(WRITTEN FOR THE MUSICAL SCRAP-BOOK, TO THE GERMAN
AIR—*Drobin im Walden.*)

Flow, gentle streamlet, brightly and clear,
Sweet be thy music, spring time is near ;
Primrose and harebell wake from their dream—
Murmur in gladness, thou lovely stream.

Soft from the mountain light breezes blow,
Pure is the fountain—sparkling its flow ;
Greenwood and valley all blossom gay—
Fairest of streamlets, murmur away !

Summer in sunshine comes from its bowers,
Welcomed with music, followed by flowers,
Mantled in robe of verdant array—
Fairest of streamlets, murmur away !

I DREAM NOT NOW.

Song in the "Mountain Maid."

I dream not now—the charm is fled,
And now I wake to woe ;
For him I hold the same as dead,
Whence all my life did flow.
I dream not now—yet, oh ! how bright
The fleeting phantom shone ;
It came in joy and went in light—
The lovely vision's gone !

If love is such a pleasing dream,
Why does it pass so soon ?—
A flower of morn—why does it seem
To wither ere its noon ?

Or rather since its soul's away—
Bright gem of heavenly dew—
Why lonely do I ling'ring stay,
Nor fade and wither too?

Alas! the green leaf braves the blast,
When summer breezes blow;
But when the wind of autumn's past,
You mark it sere and low!
And now since Love's young summer's o'er,
Which nought to me could save,
Soon winter with its hollow roar
Shall murmur o'er my grave! †

AWA', YE FLAUNTING DAYS O' SPRING.

TUNE—*I do confess thou art sae fair.*

Awa', ye flaunting days o' spring,
 An' summer, wi' your hours o' bloom,
 To me nor hope nor joy ye bring,
 For a' is grief and a' is gloom !
 For aye when these fair seasons come,
 With wild flowers green and flowerets gay,
 To where the Highland red-deer roam,
 My bonnie lassie hies away !

My heart is by the mountain steep,
 My heart is in the Highland glen,
 Or down the valley, winding deep,
 In sunless grandeur, darkening ben !
 O ! there my fairest strays, I ken,
 In beauty bright and fancy free ;
 O ! for sic happy days, as when,
 'Mang Lawland braes, she strayed wi' me !

Ye'll ken her smile an' witching glance,
Where beauty reigns in sovereign sway ;
Or when she mingles in the dance,
Or raptured lists the vocal lay.
Or when the sun, at close o' day,
Saft sinks beneath the western sky,
When forth the blooming maidens stray,
Ye'll mark my bosom's dearest joy !

O ! tent her weel, where'er she gangs,
By streamlet clear, or valley green,
Awake your sweetest minstrel sangs,
Ye'll sing to few sae fair, I ween.
By ilka star that blinks at e'en,
And yon bright sun, that shines by day,
She'll live for aye my bosom queen,
The bonnie lass that's far away !

O! COULD I LOSE THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

TUNE—*Gramachree.*

New Music by E. PLATT.

O! could I lose the power of thought,
 I still might happy be ;
 At least this grief might leave my heart,
 Could busy memory flee.
 And yet, though anguish wrings my soul,
 Would I the task forego
 Of counting o'er each moment passed
 With her who caused my woe?

I loved as none have ever loved,
 Whate'er their love might be,
 Else parting with her had not wrung
 Such bitter pangs from me.
 Yet musing on what might have been,
 I dream my time away ;
 'Tis idle as my early dreams,
 But, ah! 'tis not so gay.

If aught of pleasure yet is mine,—
A pleasure mixed with pain,—
'Tis pondering on the days gone by,
Which ne'er can come again !
When she, all lovely as she's still,
Blushed when I called her fair ;
And if she never bade me hope,
She ne'er bade me despair.

For thee, dear maid, I fondly sighed,
For thee I now repine,
Since Fate has sworn, in solemn words,
Thou never canst be mine !
Yet fondly do I love thee still,
Though hope ne'er mingles there ;
A wilder passion sways me now—
'Tis love joined to despair.

Farewell a world, whose gayest scenes
No pleasure bring to me ;
I'd hate its smile, did I not think
It may give joy to thee.
But if thou ever lovedst like me,
No joy will light thine eye,
Save transient gleams, like wintry suns,
Short glancing in the sky.

TENTING SHEEP BY MUIR AND GLEN.

TUNE—*Ower the Muir amang the Heather.*

TENTING sheep by muir and glen,
 Is a' my airt—I ken nae ither—
 Save courting o' my bonnie Jean,
 Amang the fragrant blooming heather.

O! the bonnie blooming heather,
 O! the bonnie blooming heather;
 Content is mair than kings can buy,
 An' yet 'tis found amang the heather!

Her hair is like the glints o' gowd,
 The sun lets fa' in simmer weather;
 Her face would shame the sweetest flower
 That blaws amang the blooming heather.

Her glancing een—sic ne'er were seen—

They've clean bewitched me a' thegither;
An' aye sae slee they blink on me,
Whene'er we meet amang the heather.

I sing o' her, frae rising sun,

Till e'enin' draw the cluds thegither,
An' then I dream the nicht awa',
Till she, wi' morn, come ower the heather.

I've neither gowd nor warld's gear,

Save owsen twa, left by my father;
An' yon wee cot, down by the burn,
That flings its reek outowre the heather.

But Jeanie's love is mair than gowd,

Her heart worth kingdoms tied thegither;
Gie me that heart—sae void o' art—
The heart I fand amang the heather.

O! the bonnie blooming heather,

O! the bonnie blooming heather;

Content is mair than kings can buy,

An' yet 'tis found amang the heather!

BONNIE PEGGIE GORDON.

TUNE—*Highland Harry back again.*

Now simmer walks in robes o' green,
On ilka flowery bank she's seen,
Then come, my love, thou'rt simmer's queen,
Bonnie Peggie Gordon.

We'll wander where the primrose springs,
Where the rose-bud dewy hings,
Where the burnie murmuring sings,
“Bonnie Peggie Gordon !”

I'll lead thee down yon sunny lea,
Where the scented hawthorn tree
Sheds its fragrant sweets for thee,
Bonnie Peggie Gordon.

The bee has left its foggy den,
An' comes—O! weel its notes I ken—
Saft humming frae the moorland glen,
“Bonnie Peggie Gordon!”

O, saft's the burnie's rocky fa',
An' saft's the winds that ower it blaw,
But love has tales mair saft than a',
Bonnie Peggie Gordon.

Down yon birken shaws amang,
Where the blackbird wakes his sang,
There, my fairest, wilt thou gang?
Bonnie Peggie Gordon.

The flowery earth, the sunny sky,
May please the sense, may charm the eye,
But to my heart nought gies sic joy
As bonnie Peggie Gordon.

WRITE, WRITE, TOURIST AND TRAVELLER.

TUNE—*Blue Bonnets over the Border.*

(Published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, January 1828, *Noctes
Ambrosianæ*, No. XXXV.)

WRITE, write, tourist and traveller,
Fill up your pages and write in good order;
Write, write, scribbler and driveller,
Why leave such margins?—come nearer the border.

Many a laurel dead flutters around your head,
Many a *tome* is your *memento mori*!
Come from your garrets, then, sons of the quill and
pen,
Write for snuff-shops, if you write not for glory.

Come from your rooms where the farthing wick's
burning,

Come with your tales full of gladness or woe ;

Come from your small beer to vinegar turning,

Come where the Port and the Burgundy flow !

Fame's trump is sounding, topics abounding,

Leave, then, each scribbler, your high attic story ;

Critics shall many a day speak of your book and say,

“ He wrote for the snuff-shop, he wrote not for
glory !”

Write, write, tourist and traveller,

Fill up your pages and write in good order ;

Write, write, scribbler and driveller,

Why leave such margins?—come nearer the border.

THE SAFT SIMMER E'ENIN' IS GLIDING AWA'.

TUNE—*Hey, bonnie Lassie, blink over the Burn.*

THE saft simmer e'enin' is gliding awa',
And a' thing is still, baith in cot and in ha',
There's peace for ilk bosom and sleep for ilk e'e,
But Jeanie, young Jeanie, has stown them frae me!

And yet I might sleep wi' a heart free o' care,
For Jeanie's as true as she's bonnie and fair;
But for joy at the thocht, I'm whiles like to dee,
That Jeanie, young Jeanie, my ain bride sall be!

If I haena walth, I've as little to tine,
It's maybe as weel that walth isna mine;
'Twould only divide the love hers a' suld be;
O! Jeanie, young Jeanie's the treasure for me!

It isna aye simmer when I'm on the hill,
An' winter is cauld, an' frosty winds chill ;
But this cheers my heart, when the snaw's on the lea,
That Jeanie, young Jeanie, my ain bride sall be !

I'll pit her sweet name in some simple bit sang,
An' sing't to mysel' a' the simmer day lang ;
My skill is but sma', but the burden sall be,—
“ O ! Jeanie, young Jeanie's the treasure for me ! ”

I'll big a wee housie, far up in yon glen,
No mony will see it, no mony sall ken ;
But when the brown leaves fa' frae yon birken tree,
O ! Jeanie, young Jeanie, my ain bride sall be !

A BUMPER TO THEE!

(THIS SONG AND THE SEVEN FOLLOWING ARE PUBLISHED IN M'LEOD'S VOLUME OF "ORIGINAL SCOTTISH MELODIES," FORMERLY ALLUDED TO.)

A BUMPER to thee! a bumper to thee!
 A cup to the fair, and a health to the free;
 O! this toast hath a spell, we shall quaff it with glee,
 A bumper to thee! a bumper to thee!

Let the wine mantle high in a goblet of joy,
 Be it Alicant bright or Burgundy famed,
 O! my soul, like the cup, to my lip shall spring up,
 When friendship and thou in a bumper are named!
 A bumper to thee, &c.

O! the Arno rolls deep through Italia's gay land,
 And fair on its banks grows the wide-spreading
 vine;
 In the juice of that vine we shall pledge heart and
 hand,
 To bright eyes that sparkle, as sparkles the wine!
 A bumper to thee, &c.

As the Arab, while wandering the desert along,
Forgets half his toil if a streamlet he find,
So, in life's dreary waste, fill a cup deep and strong,
And sorrow and care we shall fling to the wind,
In a bumper to thee, &c.

Since the past is away, let this night be our day,
Nor brood on to-morrow to waken a sigh ;
For to souls, if there's bliss, 'tis a moment like this,
When cups flow with wine, and bosoms with joy !

A bumper to thee ! a bumper to thee !
A cup to the fair, and a health to the free ;
O ! this toast hath a spell, we shall quaff it with glee,
A bumper to thee ! a bumper to thee !

THE HAPPY DAYS O' YOUTH.

O! the happy days o' youth are fast gaun by,
 And age is coming on, wi' its bleak winter sky ;
 An' whaur shall we shelter frae its storms when they
 blaw,

When the gladsome days o' youth are flown awa'?

They said that wisdom came wi' manhood's riper
 years,

But naething did they tell o' its sorrows an' tears :

O! I'd gie a' the wit, gif ony wit be mine,
 For ae sunny morning o' bonnie langsyne.

I canna dow but sigh, I canna dow but mourn,
 For the blithe happy days that never can return :
 When joy was in the heart, an' love was on the
 tongue,

An' mirth on ilka face, for ilka face was young.

O! the bonnie waving broom, whaur aften we did
meet,

Wi' its yellow flowers that fell like gowd 'mang our
feet: †

The bird would stop its sang, but only for a wee,
As we gaed by its nest, 'neath its ain birk tree.

O! the sunny days o' youth, they couldna aye
remain,

There was ower meikle joy and ower little pain;
Sae fareweel happy days, an' fareweel youthfu' glee,
The young may court your smiles, but ye're gane
frae me.

MARY'S BOWER.

THE mavis sings on Mary's bower,
The laverock in the sky ;
An' a' is fair round Mary's bower,
An' a' aboon is joy !
But sad's the gloom in Mary's bower,
Though a' without be gay ;
Nae music comes to greet the morn,
Nae smile to glad the day.

Her lover left young Mary's bower,
His ship has crossed the main ;
There's waefu' news in Mary's bower,
He ne'er returns again.
A breaking heart's in Mary's bower,
A wasting form is there ;
The glance has left that e'e sae blue,
The rose that cheek sae fair.

The mavis flees frae Mary's bower,
The laverock quits the sky ;
An' simmer sighs o'er Mary's bower,
For coming winter's nigh.
The snaw fa's white on Mary's bower,
The tempests loudly rave ;
The flowers that bloomed round Mary's bower
Now wither on her grave !

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

GATHER in, gather in, ane an' a', an' a',
 Gather in, gather in, ane an' a' ;

 This night, ever dear,

 Claims a cup an' a tear

To the memory of BURNS that's awa', awa',
 To the memory of BURNS that's awa' !

Auld Scotland's had bards ane or twa, or twa,
 Auld Scotland's had bards ane or twa ;

 But the minstrel that sang

 Coila's wild braes amang,

O! he was the sweetest of a', of a',

O! he was the sweetest of a' !

He came like the flowerets that blaw, that blaw,
 He came like the flowerets that blaw ;

 But his bright opening spring

 Nae simmer did bring,

For soon, soon, he faded awa', awa',

For soon, soon, he faded awa' !

But short though he sang 'mang us a', us a',

But short though he sang 'mang us a',

His name from our heart

Will never depart,

And his fame it shall ne'er fade awa', awa',

And his fame it shall ne'er fade awa' !

O, MY LOVE, NIGHT IS COME.

O, my love, night is come, the soft night is come,

And fled is the glory and splendour of day ;

The bright flaming sun, with the daylight, hath
gone

To his palace of ocean, love, far, far away.

O, night, my love, night ! to a lover is dear,

When the wind is all hushed, and the moon in
the sky ;

Then, haste to thy lattice, love, quickly appear,

With the smile on thy cheek, and the glance in
thine eye.

O, my love, ever gay is the clear noon of day,
With the bird's happy song and the bloom of the
rose ;
But, at night, roses weep, and the little birds sleep,
All still as the green leaves on which they repose.
Yet night, my love, night ! O ! 'tis dearer to me,
Though the flowers are in tears, that the sun does
not shine ;
For thou art the floweret I ever would see,
And the music I'd hear is that sweet voice of
thine !

THE BRIGHT SUN O' SIMMER.

THE bright sun o' simmer but lately was shining,
 The birds sang in joy, and the earth blossomed
 green ;

And hope spoke of days without care or repining,
 Like those that in dreams o' my childhood I've
 seen.

But now the brown leaves o' the forest are fa'ing,
 And quickly the sun hastens down through the
 sky ;

The winds frae the caverns of winter are blawing,
 They tell me that simmer, like youth, has gone by.

O! where are the fond hearts o' life's sunny morning?
 Nae mair by the greenwood or valley they're seen:
 They've perished, like flowerets the fair earth adorn-
 ing,
 As if childhood and young simmer never had been.

And where is the music, the joy, and the gladness,
That swelled through the grove a' the lang simmer
day?

Alas! a' is fled, and my heart's filled wi' sadness,
For the music o' youth, too, hath melted away!

O! farewell, ye flowerets, the fairest an' brightest,
That sprung on the mountain, or bloomed on the
lea;

And farewell, ye fond hearts, the warmest and
lightest,

Nae mair ye return to charm nature an' me.
And welcome bleak winter, wi' days wild and dreary,
For the blasts of misfortune have left me forlorn;
And my soul it is sad, an' my spirit is weary,
Wi' pondering on joys fled that ne'er can return.

O! STRIKE THE WILD HARP.

O! STRIKE the wild harp, and its chords let them
swell,

The deeds and the fame of our fathers to tell;
When red was the fight, by land or by sea,
They fought as the brave, or fell as the free!

They crouch'd not from danger, they shrunk not
from pain,

When bold hearts were needed our freedom to gain!
The watchword was still, and it ever shall be—
To fight as the brave, or fall as the free!

They join'd heart to heart, and they link'd hand to
hand,

Together to fall, or together to stand;
And woe to the foe who had courage to dare,
When swords flashed revenge, and eyes struck de-
spair!

Old Scotland ! loved country—our own native land,
May peace guard thy mountains, and freedom thy
strand ;
But war let it come, or by land or by sea,
We'll fight like our fathers, or fall as the free ! †

THE EXILE'S SONG.

OH ! why left I my hame ?
Why did I cross the deep ?
Oh ! why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep ?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie !

The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs ;
And, to the Indian maid,
The bulbul sweetly sings.

But I dinna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie !

Oh ! here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
Amang the yellow corn :
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slaverie ;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie !

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea ;
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie !

I'VE AYE BEEN FOU SIN' THE YEAR CAM' IN.

TUNE—*The Laird o' Cockpen.*

I've aye been fou sin' the year cam' in,
I've aye been fou sin' the year cam' in;
It's what wi' the brandy, an' what wi' the gin,
I've aye been fou sin' the year cam' in!

Our Yule friends they met, and a gay stoup we
drank,
The bicker gaed round, and the pint stoup did clank;
But that was a' naething, as shortly ye'll fin'—
I've aye been fou sin' the year cam' in!

Our auld timmer clock, wi' thori an' string,
Had scarce shawn the hour whilk the new year did
bring,
Whan friends an' acquaintance cam' tirl at the pin—
An' I've aye been fou sin' the year cam' in!

My auld aunty Tibbie cam' ben for her cap,
 Wi' scon in her hand, an' cheese in her lap,
 An' drank—a gude New Year to kith an' to kin—
 Sae I've aye been fou sin' the year cam' in !

My strong brither Sandy cam' in frae the south—
 There's some ken his mettle, but nane ken his
 drouth !—

I brought out the bottle—losh ! how he did grin !—
 I've aye been fou sin' the year cam' in !

Wi' feasting at night, and wi' drinking at morn,
 Wi' here tak' a kaulker, an' there tak' a horn,
 I've gatten baith doited, an' donner't, an' blin'—
 For I've aye been fou sin' the year cam' in !

I sent for the doctor, an' bade him sit down,
 He felt at my hand, an' he straiket my crown :
 He ordered a bottle—but it turned out gin !—
 Sae I've aye been fou sin' the year cam' in !

The Sunday bell rang, an' I thought it as weel
 To slip into the kirk, to steer clear o' the de'il ;
 But the chiel at the plate fand a groat left behin'—
 Sae I've aye been fou sin' the year cam' in !

'Tis Candlemas time, an' the wee birds o' spring
Are chirming an' chirping as if they wad sing;
While here I sit bousing—'tis really a sin!—
I've aye been fou sin' the year cam' in!

The last breath o' winter is souging awa',
An' sune down the valley the primrose will blaw;
A douce sober life I maun really begin,
For I've aye been fou sin' the year cam' in!

AGAIN THE CIRCLING MARCH OF TIME.*

(WRITTEN FOR THE CENTENARY OF THE GRAND LODGE OF
SCOTLAND, 30TH NOVEMBER 1836.)

TUNE—*Willie was a Wanton Wag.*

AGAIN the circling March of Time
 Brings round the glad, the glorious day,
 That gave to Masonry Sublime
 A brighter flame, and purer ray ;
 And though the many be away,
 Who first the dawning light did see,
 A numerous band is here to pay
 High honour unto Masonry !

* This, and the three Masonic Lyrics, were composed for the occasions to which they refer. The first was written at the request of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, for the centenary meeting, at which the author had the honour of being appointed *Poet Laureate* to the Craft for Scotland.

We bow not to a lowly shrine,—
We mix not in a Service Mean,—
That Sacred LIGHT that here does shine,
The Peasant and the Prince have seen !
And while, in spring, the woods are green,
Or summer decks with flowers the lea,
That lambent flame shall burn, I ween,
The glorious LIGHT of Masonry !

'Tis not in goblets mantling high,
Which wealth, not worth, may still command ;
Nor in the giddy tide of joy,
That Masonry does take its stand !
But ours, the social generous band,—
The only tie whose link makes free,—
Where heart to heart, and hand to hand,
Proclaim the badge of Masonry !

To raise the weak, restrain the strong ;
To chase the tear from beauty's eye ;
To aid the right, and check the wrong ;
And bid the weary cease to sigh.
To soothe the orphan's mournful cry,
A Brother help, where'er he be,
To love all men beneath the sky,
This is the bond of Masonry !

One Hundred Years !—all, all, are fled,
Those men of might and dauntless brow !
Still Masonry can boast a Head,—
A ST CLAIR then, a RAMSAY now !
With such bold spirits at the prow,
Our bark shall bravely ride the sea ;
Nor shall her flag to any bow,—
The pendant of high Masonry. †

KNIGHT TEMPLAR'S SONG.

A LOWLY Pilgrim, weak and worn,
 Would fain approach that Temple high,
 Which stands 'mong airy clouds upborne,
 Unseen by vile or vulgar eye ;
 Where, in that palace of the sky,
 A thousand heavenly sights are seen,
 Where TRUTH presides in majesty,
 And LOVE—all lovely—reigns as queen !

“ How would he climb that giddy steep ?—
 Knows he the dangers of the way ?
 The hill is high, the valley deep,
 That lead from night to glorious day !
 Where is his trust, and whence his stay ?
 Hath he a spirit meekly given,
 To leave the clods of kindred clay,
 And cross the ARCHWAY path to Heaven ? ”

With Brothers of the Sacred Light
He fears not in their steps to go ;
And glad would leave the gloom of night,
To where the beams of morning glow !
For though, o'er mountains clad with snow,
'Mid darkness he is doomed to stray,
Still BURNES* the upward track will show,
And RAMSAY† he shall lead the way !

“ Then Pilgrim mount, nor fear to climb,
Thy heart is good, thy courage strong ;
Up ! to the awful height sublime,
The Temple and its Priests among !
Thy steps we'll cheer with wine and song,
And words that tell the soul is free :
Up ! Pilgrim, up ! thou'lt reach, ere long,
The high *Mont Blanc* of Masonry !

“ 'Tis done ! now sunshine lights the sky,
And gladness takes the place of woe ;
Awake the harp, and sound it high,
Let mirth and all its music flow.

* Dr JAMES BURNES, Provincial Grand Master for the Western Provinces of India, Grand Constable of the Order in Scotland, and Prior of the Canon-gate Kilwinning Templars—a Brother to whom Masonry owes much, both in this country and in the East, whither he has lately departed.

† The Right Hon. LORD RAMSAY, now Earl of Dalhousie, Grand Master Mason of Scotland.

Here flowers that wither not shall grow,
And buds shall bloom that will not die :
This is the land of LIGHT !—below
Dark storms and low'ring tempests lie !” †

AGAIN LET US WELCOME THIS
BLITHE HAPPY DAY.

(WRITTEN FOR, AND SUNG AT, THE GRAND LODGE, AT THE
FESTIVAL OF ST ANDREW, NOVEMBER 30, 1837.)

TUNE—*Meeting of the Waters.*

AGAIN let us welcome this blithe happy day,
That true Scottish Masons will honour for aye ;
And though from their country our Brothers may
 roam,
This day will awaken up kindred and home.
Oh, this day will awaken up kindred and home.

And where is the desert or surf-beaten shore
Not travers'd by Brothers,—we fondly adore ;
Though absent afar, yet their heart we may claim,
For absent or present, they're ever the same !
For absent or present, they're ever the same !

As far as St Lawrence rolls mighty and deep,
To where the blue waves of the bright Ganges
 sleep,
'Mong the fair groves of Italy, or bleak Zembla's
 snow,
“ St Andrew” and “ Scotland,” in bumpers shall
 flow !
“ St Andrew” and “ Scotland,” in bumpers shall
 flow !

Hail ! land of our fathers,—of mountain and glen,—
Of soft blooming Maidens, and true-hearted Men,
Oh ! long may thy Thistle a dear emblem be
Of Liberty's birth-place, the home of the free !
Of Liberty's birth-place, the home of the free !

And ne'er did the Thistle,—fond type of the
 brave,
More flourish in splendour—or more proudly wave

With bosom of purple, and leaves ever green,
Than now when it blossoms for Scotland's Fair
Queen!

Than now when it blossoms for Scotland's Fair
Queen!

Victoria! High Princess! Oh! where is the band,
Through all thy dominions—the length of the land!
In devotion more deep—or in service more free,
Than the Masons of Scotland are, lov'd Queen, to
thee!

Than the Masons of Scotland are, lov'd Queen, to
thee!

†

ANTHEM.

(SUNG AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, EDINBURGH, ON THE OCCASION
OF THE BENEFIT FOR THE FREEMASONS' SCHOOL FOR FEMALE
CHILDREN, 9TH FEBRUARY 1838.)

TUNE—*God save the Queen.*

HAIL to the Mystic Band,
Join'd here with heart and hand,
In love to all.
Long may their Watchword be,—
Freedom and Charity,
Fond links of Masonry,
That ne'er shall fall.

Not temples tow'ring high,
Nor domes that touch the sky,
Alone they prize.
Theirs is a nobler sphere,
To love, to virtue dear,
To chase the fallen tear
From weeping eyes.

Proud domes shall fade away,
And temples shall decay;

But this shall stand.

TRUTH,—badge of Liberty—

And glorious CHARITY,

High bond of Masonry—

O'er every land !

Hail ! LIGHT from highest Heaven,

Darkness from earth is driven,

When thou dost shine.

Many shall mark thy ray—

Dawn of a brighter day,

That lights the ORPHAN'S way

To virtue's shrine.

SONG IN THE PLAY OF "*MONSIEUR
JACQUES.*"

My Marianne ! why comes she not ?—

She set me from my dungeon free,
And bade me quickly cross the wave,
And said, My love, I'll follow thee !

My Marianne !—she does not come,
Though twenty years have passed away,
Since at my prison door she stood,
And thus in joyful words did say—

Oh ! fly to yonder land, for there
A father's vengeance may not flee ;
Oh ! fly, my love, the light bark waits,
And quickly I will follow thee !

Sometimes I think I see her bark
Come dancing o'er the booming main ;
But soon the vision disappears—
'Tis but a phantom of the brain !

My Marianne!—she does not come,
Though flowers have fallen and years have fled,
Since my sweet flower, beneath the tower,
With tears of joy thus fondly said—

Oh! fly, my love, my father sleeps,
My gondola is on the shore;
Twice shall yon moon not light the deep,
When we shall meet to part no more!

Alas! my frenzied brain it burns,
For many a moon has lit the sky,
And yet she comes not o'er the wave,
With rapture to these arms to fly!

†

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

O! the lily of the valley! it blooms in beauty fair,
And minds me of the sunny hours, when life was
free of care,
When far adown the sleeping glen I strayed in happy
glee,
The long, long summer day was mine, but not too
long for me!

O! the lily of the valley! it comes in gladsome joy,
Recalling all the golden dreams that memory lets
not die;
And though in clouds the evil days slow gather in
their gloom,
My heart leaps back to joyous morns beside this
flow'ret's bloom.

O ! the lily of the valley ! the songs have passed away
That gladdened, by the voice of streams, the landscape
 smiling gay ;
The music of the woods is fled, the lays of youth are
 o'er,
And only thou, at memory's call, lost harmonies
 restore.

O ! the lily of the valley ! how fleet the hours did
 flee,
When, heedless as the streamlet's course, I ran in
 quest of thee ;
And still, though anxious days must come, and many
 heavy woes,
I hail thee as the fairest flower that in the valley
 blows. †

YESTREEN I SLEPT.

TUNE—*Embro' Katie.*

YESTREEN I slept, an' dreamed of her
 Wha aften keeps the sleep frae me ;
 I thought we met in some bright land,
 Some holy land where angels be !
 For every face we there did see
 Was dimmed by neither woe nor care,
 And harps woke heaven's high minstrelsy,
 Because my love was listening there !

She seemed as lovely as she is,
 And as bewitching she did seem :
 I thought her mine, ah ! cruel bliss,
 This might have shown me 'twas a dream !

But could such visions me, forlorn,
Revisit aft, or aye remain,
I'd wake nae mair, nor e'er return
Back to this weary warld again !

For what is life withouten love ?
And what is love wi' nae return ?
Oh ! is there aught her heart could move,
Or cause mine, mourning, cease to mourn ?
If life give nought but dark despair,
If hopes an' joys but visions seem,
I'd rather wish my days nae mair,
Or passed in an eternal dream !

O, COULD I BUT PICTURE MY LASSIE.

TUNE—*Humours of Glen.*

O, could I but picture my lassie sae charming,
 As weel as the charms o' my lassie I see !
 But whaur hae I phrases or language sae warming,
 As tell o' the smile o' her bonnie black e'e ?
 Her lips are as red as the saft rose o' simmer,
 Or berries that grow on the tall rowan tree ;
 The moon-beam that sleeps on the white snaw is
 dimmer
 Than the glance that fa's down frae her bonnie
 black e'e.

I've seen maidens decked out wi' art's richest grandeur,
 A' sparkling in diamonds that come ower the sea ;
 I'm thinkin' they need them to gie them some splendour,
 But Mary needs nane, save her bonnie black e'e !

O, dear to the lammie's the green grassy mountain,
 And dear is the flower to the young hiney bee,
 And dear to the traveller the desert's lone fountain,
 But dearer to me is her bonnie black e'e !

She whiles tries to jeer me, she whiles winna hear me,
 She whiles is, or seems to be, saucy to me ;
 But there is nae hiding, for a' her coy chiding,
 The tell-tale that lies in her bonnie black e'e.
 I speered gif she wanted to part wi' her lover ?
 I speered gif she wanted her lover to dee ?
 An' keekit to see if my words they did move her,
 An' saw a tear blindin' her bonnie black e'e ! *

“ O ! come to me, Mary, an' ye'se be my dearie ! ”
 She turned round her head, an' she lookit ajee ;
 I took her an' kissed her, an' to me I pressed her,
 An' dighted the tear frae her bonnie black e'e.
 Her sweet smile returning, she blushed like the
 morning,
 An' said, “ I am yours till the day that I dee ! ”
 O, love ! ever tarry wi' me an' my Mary,—
 I'm blest 'neath the smile o' her bonnie black e'e !

THE SUN BEHIND YON MOUNTAIN.

TUNE—*Sae flaxen was her Ringlets.*

THE sun behind yon mountain
 Is setting lovely, bright, and fair,
 While I, the moments counting,
 Am filled with anguish, grief, and care.
 For, ere he beams to-morrow,
 An' streaks wi' gowd yon sky sae blue,
 I'll hear that word of sorrow,
 That fareweel parting word—adieu!
 Had Willie wooed less kindly,
 Wi' nae sic truth an' witchin' power;
 Had I but lo'ed less fondly,
 I might have borne the parting hour!

On bygane joys I ponder,
While future woes appear in view :
'Twill break my heart asunder
To hear that parting word—adieu !
The ship is now in motion,
That wafts my lover o'er the sea ;
And soon the swelling ocean
Shall roll between my love and me !
No that the waves can sever
His love an' mine, sae tender, true !
But what if 'tis for ever
I hear that parting word—adieu !

THE POETS, WHAT FOOLS THEY'RE TO DEAVE US.

TUNE—*Fy, let us a' to the Bridal.*

THE poets, what fools they're to deave us,
How ilka ane's lassie's sae fine;
The tane is an angel, and, save us!
The niest ane you meet wi's divine!
An' then there's a lang-nebbit sonnet,
Be't Katie, or Janet, or Jean;
An' the moon or some far awa' planet's
Compared to the blink o' her een.

The earth an' the sea they've ransackit
For similes to set aff their charms,
An' no a wee flower but's attackit
By poets, like bumbees in swarms.
Now, what signifies a' this clatter
By chieks that the truth winna tell?
Wad it no be settlin' the matter
To say—Lass, ye're just like yoursel?

An' then there's nae end to the evil,
For they are no deaf to the din,
That, like me, ony puir luckless deevil
Daur scarce look the gate they are in !
But e'en let them be wi' their scornin',
There's a lassie whase name I could tell,
Her smile is as sweet as the mornin',
But, whisht ! I am ravin' mysel.

But he that o' ravin' 's convickit,
When a bonnie sweet lass he thinks on,
May he ne'er get anither strait jacket
Than that buckled to by Mess John !
An' he wha, though cautious an' canny,
The charms o' the fair never saw,
Though wise as King SOLOMON's grannie,
I swear is the daftest of a'.

DAYS OF SORROW, NIGHTS OF MOURNING.

TUNE—*Roy's Wife.*

DAYS of sorrow, nights of mourning,
 Dreams of joy that's ne'er returning;
 I try to weep, but canna weep—
 Can tears flow when the heart is burning?

My Willie's love was kind an' true,
 Nor did he love a faithless Mary;
 But, waes my heart! the loved hours flew,
 Sic hours o' love, they couldna tarry!
 Days of sorrow, &c.

He said he'd bring a gowden ring,
 An' silks frae India to his deary;
 An' he'd be blest aboon a king,
 When ance I was his ain dear Mary.
 Days of sorrow, &c.

I waited lang for Willie's ring,
 I waited langer for my lover ;—
What would I now wi' silks or ring?
 Nae silks a breaking heart should cover !
 Days of sorrow, &c.

In vain I seek Edina's shore,
 And fondly gaze the braid sea over ;
Ye waves ! when will ye cease to roar,
 An' gie me back my ain true lover ?
 Days of sorrow, &c.

O, JENNY, LET THIS STRIFE BE OWER.

TUNE—*Willie was a Wanton Wag.*

O, Jenny, let this strife be ower,
 An' let this weary wark be done ;
 Ye ken I'm subject to your power,
 As ocean is to yonder moon !
 I've ca'd ye aften fair and braw,
 The sweetest lass by hill or plain ;
 Now, I've a reason—maybe twa—
 To tell it ower an' ower again.

Ye say ye hae nae heart to gie,
 Ye say ye hae nae love to spare ;
 O, then, accept o' some frae me,
 I'm sure I've gat an unco share !
 'Twill maybe free my mind o' care,
 'Twill maybe ease my heart o' pain ;
 An' if, like me, it wound ye *there*,
 Ye just can gie me't back again.

I'll woo ye wi' a lover's flame,
 I'll roose ye in a bardie's sang;
 Ye'll be my muse, an', at your name,
 The todlin' words will jump alang.
 I'll sing ye bloomin', young, an' kind,
 Wi' laughin' een o' clearest blue,
 But naething o' your heart an' mind,
 Else a' the warld were courtin' you!

I winna mind your words ava,
 Frae your sweet mouth although they come;
 The tongue's aye ready saying—Na,
 Though a' the time the heart be dumb!
 But I will mark your reddening cheek,
 An' I will watch your glancin' e'e,
 For love's true language these aye speak;
 O, Jenny, let them speak for me!

DRINK IT YET.

TUNE—*Bide ye yet.*

DRINK it yet, drink it yet,
 We're no just sae fou but we'll drink it yet;
 To the name that is dear, though we'll no *tell* it here,
 We'll tout aff a bumper and *think* it yet.

It's never ower late when sittin' wi' you,—
 The warst that can happen is just to get fou;
 But though we get fou, we'll never forget
 Our friend and our lassie—sae drink it yet.
 Drink it yet, &c.

They say, when drink's *in* that wit it is *out*,
 But he that says sae is a knave and a lout;
 For what gieth life to friendship and wit
 Like a fu' sparklin' glass?—sae drink it yet.
 Drink it yet, &c.

It isna sae aften I meet wi' ye a',
Time enough to be sad when gangin' awa';
A *charm* 's in the bowl round which gude friends sit,
And the *spell* to awaken't is—"Drink it yet!"
Drink it yet, &c.

When Fate, fickle jade, throws friends in our way,
'Tis a moment of sunshine in life's winter day;
Then, ere the clouds gather, and joy's sun set,
Let the pass-word to pleasure be—"Drink it yet!"

Drink it yet, drink it yet,
We're no just sae fou but we'll drink it yet;
To the name that is dear, though we'll no *tell* it here,
In a fu' flowing bumper we'll *think* it yet!

THE PEARL DIVERS' SONG.

AWAY, boys, away, boys,
Our home the hollow sea ;
Not on the wave, nor o'er the wave,
But down the wave go we.
'Tis down, boys, 'tis down, boys,
We journey through the deep,
Where far the coral echoes wake,
Or caverned mermaids sleep.

Some traverse Afric's burning sands,
Some tempt the stormy wave,
And some amid the cannon's flash
Seek glory or a grave.
But who, like us, 'mid ocean's depths,
Can dive the floods below ?
'Tis down, boys, 'tis down, boys,
Full forty fathoms we go !

The sun may give his brightness,
The sky may give its showers,
To waken earth with gladness,
Or freshen it with flowers.
But, oh ! not all the beauty
Which flowery springtime shows,
Can equal ocean's grandeur,
Where sea-nymphs fair repose.

The bark may fail the mariner,
The merchant may deplore
His treasure buried in the deep,
Or wrecked upon the shore.
But we have nought to fear, boys,
When whirlwind tempests blow—
'Tis down, boys, 'tis down, boys,
Full forty fathoms we go !

O! LASSIE, DEAR LASSIE, 'TIS HARD,
I DECLARE.

O! lassie, dear lassie, 'tis hard, I declare,
To look on your charms as if nae charms were there,
But ye'll no hear o' beauty, though I'm in despair,
Nor yet will ye let me lo'e ye.

Your looks are sae modest that ilka blink says,
"Ye neither maun flatter, ye neither maun praise,
"Nor yet maun ye on me sae wistfully gaze,
"Far less maun ye think to lo'e me."

O! lassie, ye needna sae scornfu' aye be,
'Tis little I want, be it little ye gie—
A smile o' your face, an' a blink o' your e'e,
As meikle's to let me lo'e ye.

O ! laddie, now cease wi' your arts an' your wiles,
Your talk o' my charms, and your talk o' my smiles,
The tongue that is saftest aye soonest beguiles,
I never can let ye lo'e me !

O ! lassie, the laverock that sings to the sky,
Wi' saft notes o' gladness an' bosom of joy,
May gaze on that heaven to which he is nigh,
O ! then, let me look to lo'e ye.

O ! laddie, the laverock that carols his lay
At portals o' heaven, steals naething away,
But my puir fluttering heart ye've stown it for aye,
O ! then, I maun let ye lo'e me !

BONNIE ARE THE BRAES.

TUNE—*Mary Hay.*

NEW MUSIC by E. PLATT.

BONNIE are the braes, and waving the broom,
 The rose is on the brier in its fresh simmer bloom;
 And swift o'er the burn my laddie comes to me,
 Wi' kindness in his heart and love in his e'e.
 Bonnie are the braes, and sunny the glen,
 And that is the note o' the mavis, I ken;
 Oh! cease, my sweet bird, I haena time to hear,
 For, hastening through the broom, my laddie is near.

Bonnie are the braes, and fair ilka stream
 That saftly glides by, like childhood's sunny dream:
 Row on, lovely streams, sae gently winding clear,
 In silence row on, for my laddie is near.

Bonnie are the braes, and a' thing is gay,
And fain would I join in Nature's happy lay;
But how can I sing, when there my laddie true
Comes, blithe as the morning, his Jeanie to woo!

AWAY TO THE CHASE.

(WRITTEN FOR THE MUSICAL SCRAP-BOOK TO A GERMAN AIR.)

AWAY to the chase, see, the sun's rising bright,
And our steeds have awoke from their slumbers of
 night;
The mist's on the breeze, and the morning is young,
The cock he hath crowed, and the bugle hath sung!
To rouse the brown stag from his lair in the den—
To waken the echoes of rock and of glen—
To bound o'er the earth amid sunshine and showers,
Away, gallant huntsmen, such pleasures are ours.

We heed not the track which the traveller doth
bind,

Our path it is free as the flight of the wind ;
O'er moorland, or meadow, or bold craggy steep,
Where mountain is high, or where valley is deep,
We seek not our joys from the juice of the vine,
Our home is the woodland, the brooklet our wine ;
Or if, 'mid our wanderings, the wine-cup we share,
'Tis "Hurrah for the chase !" and a health to the
fair.

MY BONNIE BELL.

TUNE—*The Mill, Mill, O.*

MY bonnie Bell, my bonnie Bell,
 Ye've left me filled wi' sorrow ;
 A waefu' day is ilka day,
 A grieving day ilk morrow.
 Ye've left the bonnie Lawland braes,
 Where the heather-bell is blooming,
 For the craggy steep and the valley deep,
 Where the Highland deer is roaming.

The Highland hills are high an' wide,
 And no for your feet clim'ing ;
 Far better by your ain burn side,
 Where the siller trouts are swimming.

There's mony a heart will beat, as ye
Cross mountain, muir, or river ;
But there is ane, in a Lawland glen,
His heart is thine for ever !

A dowie face wears burn an' brae,
They've tint wi' you their grandeur ;
While proud will seem ilk mountain stream,
As by its banks ye wander !
O, haste ye hame, for nae birds sings
Save waesome notes o' mourning ;
They keep their sangs an' canty springs
To welcome your returning !

I LOOKED LONG AT THY WINDOW,
LOVE.

TUNE—*The young May Moon.*

I looked long at thy window, love,
Thy lovely sweet glance to see, my love ;
 The evening sun
 On thy window shone,
And I thought for a while it was thee, my love.

But when thou come'st with a smile, my love,
A smile that is just thine own, my love ;
 The sun, at thy sight,
 Withdrew his clear light,
And left thee shining alone, my love !

Then, O ! give a smile to me, my love,
Who often have sighed for thee, my love ;
 And my days, though o'ercast
 With misfortune's keen blast,
Will appear bright sunshine to me, my love.

The sun shines bright at parting, love,
When he kisses the western sea, my love :
 But the sun's bright ray,
 At departing of day,
Was never so lovely as thee, my love.

WHY TARRIES MY TRUE LOVE?

TUNE—*Robin Adair.*

WHY tarries my true love so long on sea?
 Spirits of ocean! tell, why tarries he?
 Dark is the midnight sky,
 Loud raves the storm on high!
 Where closeth he his eye!
 To dream of me!

When once my love returns, we part no more:
 Spirits! oh! where is he, by sea or shore?
 “Far in the ocean’s deeps,
 “Where death his vigil keeps,
 “There thy fond lover sleeps,
 “’Neath its loud roar!”

I COURTED MAGGIE MONY A DAY.

TUNE—*Johnie's Grey Breeks.*

I courted Maggie mony a day,
 To tell how lang, I'd weary, O ;
 But ne'er a word wad Maggie say—
 She wadna be my deary, O.

But, O ! her smile, her bonnie smile,
 Though she'd na speak, it spak again ;
 Though she wad say—Gae, bide away,
 It bade me aye come back again !

I pat a saxpence in my pouch,
 To mak me crouse an' cheery, O,
 But Maggie's heart nae words could touch—
 She wadna be my deary, O.
 But, O ! her smile, &c.

I pat the yill cap to my head,
 An' took anither smack again ;

Quo' I—"O! Mag, ye'se be my dead!"

"Yes," quo' she, "come ye back again!"

But, O! her smile, &c.

She laid a kebbuck on the board,

But fient a knife my Maggie brang;

She then, wi' jeering scornfu' word,

Bade me sit in an' cut a whang!

But, O! her smile, &c.

She tried to gloom, but couldna gloom,

I syne grew bauld an' spak again;

Quo' she—Gae, whistle on your thoom,

But, gudesake! come na back again!

But, O! her smile, &c.

But tauntin' word and woman's wile

Suld never mak a lover shy;

I've gained my Maggie's bonnie smile,

I've gained my Maggie's heart forbye!

For, O! her smile, her bonnie smile,

Though she'd na speak, it spak again;

Though she wad say—Gae, bide away,

It bade me aye come back again!

COME, A' YE JOVIAL TOPERS.

TUNE—*The Blatherie o't.*

COME, a' ye jovial topers,
 That drink the rosy wine;
 An' ye wha quaff Glenlivet,
 Attend this sang o' mine.
 I'll tell ye o' a pleasure
 That some folk daurna name,
 'Tis to meet wi' twa three social friends
 At our ain house at hame.
 O, our ain house, &c.

When the toddy-bowl is filling,
 O, a pleasant sight to see!
 An' the bonnie wee bit bairnies
 Hae faulded up their e'e:

O! there's a joy sae dear,
To which a' joys are tame,
The sweetest blinks are those that shine
On our ain house at hame.
O, our ain house, &c.

It's no the ale o' Edinbro',
Nor yet the Lon'on *brown*,
Nor is't beside the brandy punch,
In taverns o' the town:
'Tis beside the *mountain dew*,
Frae the stell without the name,
When we toast our friend an' lassie
At our ain house at hame.
O, our ain house, &c.

See, yonder pawkie landlord,
The bowl he's gaun to fill;
Though the night is stealin' hame,
His friends are sittin' still:
For they downa gang to rest
Till their noddle's in a flame,
An' they mind nae mair on a' the earth
But our ain house at hame.
O, our ain house, &c.

Awa', ye hen-pecked husbands,
What happiness hae ye?
Instead o' friends an' whisky punch,
Ye've cookies, care, an' tea!
Gie me the honest-hearted chiel
That owns nae frowning dame,
But can sport his jug o' toddy
At his ain house at hame.
His ain house, &c.

ONE STAR OF THE MORNING.

TUNE—*One Bumper at Parting.*

ONE star of the morning still lingers
 Amid the deep blue of the sky,
 O ! it waits for the sun and my Mary
 To light up the green earth with joy.
 Then haste, love, the fair lily's weeping,
 The young rose is drooping in dew ;
 The lark, in its sweet dream, is sleeping,
 'Till wakened by Nature and you !

There's joy when the soft morning blushes,
 And sunbeams on bright streamlets play,
 When the deep glen and dark misty mountain
 Rejoice at the coming of day :

But not the gay gladness of Nature,
When summer and morning are young,
Can equal that rapture of bosom,
When you are the theme of my song.

Yon bright star of morn is departing
To skies of a lovelier hue,
To sparkle on lands that are fairer,
But on maid never fairer than you !
The golden sun now walks in glory,
And gladdens with smiles flower and tree ;
Like you who, in joy or in sorrow,
Still gladden this bleak world to me !

THE GRAVE IT HOLDS MY FAIREST
NOW.

TUNE—*O no, we never mention her.*

THE grave it holds my fairest now,
The loved one of my heart ;
Ah ! little thought I we so soon,
So sadly soon, should part !
She perished in her loveliness,
In beauty pined away,
Like flower that falls beneath the storm,
Before its leaves decay !

Hope drew a picture lovely, bright,
Nor cloud nor storm was there ;
But sunny tints, in golden hues,
Tinged all the landscape fair.

But, ah! the lowering tempest fell,
And hope's gay vision fled;
And life has now no charm for me,
Since all my life is dead!

YE RAX ME A BICKER.

YE rax me a bicker, an' dunch me to sing!
Waes me! ye ken naething o' love's dreadfu' sting;
Or after sic trifles ye never wad speer,
Nae sang could ye sing, nae sang could ye hear!
I yince had a lassie, baith sonsy an' fair,
Wha jilted me fairly—sae 'bout her nae mair;
Yet thinkin' o' her wham I courted sae lang,
I'd as sune mak a preachin' as sing ye a sang!

To sing! by my faith, ither thochts I hae ta'en,
What new way I might leave this warld o' pain;
For hangin's threadbare, an' the knife's no for me,
An' arsnic micht no wi' my weak stamack gree!

I whiles think my heart's gaun to break, but I find
It's only my wais'coat grown straiter behind!
Sae I maun just thole what is no like to kill,
I'se no sing a sang, but I'se preeve o' your yill.

Gudewife, ye brew weel, will ye try it yoursel?
Ken ye aught o' Tam Spears, or his fair dochter,
Bell?

She's his ae only bairn, but she's worth half a score,
I'm daft no to think o' that lassie before!
Come, lads! dinna tarry, the nicht's glidin' by,
I doubt na but thun'er's in yon troubled sky!
Let's chap for the lawin, an' settle the soom,
I'll down to Tam Spears' when the bicker is toom!

GLENYALVEN BRAES.

(WRITTEN IN ARGYLLSHIRE IN THE SUMMER OF 1827.)

TUNE—*Logan Water.*

GLENYALVEN, wi' thy valleys green,
 An' joukin burnies scarcely seen,
 A-listening to the cuckoo's sang,
 I've tint my heart thy braes amang.
 Thy mountain breezes softly blaw,
 An' sweet's the flower in Yalven shaw ;
 Thy woods are green, thy braes are fair,
 An' a bonnie Highland lassie's there.

Wandering doun Tayvalloch burn,—
 A bonnie stream wi' mony a turn,—
 I met the maiden blushing young,
 Wi' Highland heart and Highland tongue.

Wi' looks an' sighs I her did woo,
Though mute the tongue, the heart was fu';
But vain my sighs an' silent vows,
She wouldna leave her heathery knowes.

My Lawland pipe I seyed to play,
To steal the lassie's heart away;
But sweetly she, in Highland sang,
Replied, she wouldna—couldna gang.
She gave her hand, but kept her heart;
An' yet, when rising to depart,
A tear upo' her cheek had fa'n,
Like dew-drap on a rose new blawn.

Tayvalloch burn, and Yalven braes,—
Though still unsung in minstrel lays,—
Ye're dear, O! dearer far to me,
Than "Braes o' Doon," or "Banks o' Dee."
Adieu! thou land of hill an' glen,
Of lovely maids and gallant men:
In gazing on the fairest she,
I've tint my peace—my heart in thee!

SONG TO THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.*

TUNE—*Willie was a Wanton Wag.*

ON Ettrick banks, ae simmer night,
 The muse of Scotia lighted down,
 She held a pipe o' ivory bright,
 And on her head a laurel crown.
 But aye she sighed, an' aye she sang,—
 “Sin' ROBIN BURNS has fled awa',
 Oh! wha, 'mang a' the minstrel thrang,
 This pipe o' mine will ever blaw?”

Like angel song to shepherds sung,
 A youthfu' shepherd heard the strain,
 Wha aft amang the hills had strung
 A harp, though rude, yet 'twas his ain!

* Sung at a dinner given him in Peebles, in August 1834, where Professor Wilson presided, being the last public honour the bard of “KILMENNY” received in his native land.

Wi' trembling hand the pipe he took,
An' deftly he began to play,
While ilka glen an' fairy nook
Wi' echoes murmured back the lay.

He sang of Mary, Scotia's Queen,
Ere woe had dimmed her face sae fair;
What Mary's palace would hae been,
Had tyrants never lingered there!
He sang of Scotland bauld an' free—
Her stalwart sons and lasses braw—
Of social joy an' canty glee,
For, O! the pipe he weel could blaw!

The moorland wild, an' sunny glen,
The gloamin' hour, when lovers meet,
The stowan kiss that nane maun ken,
Were pictured in his sang sae sweet.
The Muse her laurel crown untied,
And bound the same his brows upon,
An' hailed him as her son, and cried,—
“This is the bard of Caledon!”

Lang may his moorland whistle blaw,
An' lang may Scotia hear the sang;

Be it aye heard by greenwood shaw,
An' echoed hill an' dale amang!
And when the silent snaws o' eild
Thick o'er his head come stealing on,
Be' his the snug and cozy bield,
To cheer the bard of Caledon!

OLD MAN'S SONG.

WHY linger in a world of care,
When a' that cared for me are gane?
Why drag life's weary chain sae lang,
When friends to lighten't there are nane?

A lone one in a lonely world—
A stranger—I but strangers see;
And, when I sleep with them that sleep,
A stranger's grave my bed shall be!

When youth was gay, and hope was young,
And ilka wee flower in its prime,
I thought this was a pleasant world,
For happy, happy, was that time :

But bleak showers fell, and winter snell,
With age—life's winter—hurried on ;
Swift fled the flowers with youth's fond hours,
Like summer sun that o'er them shone !

The wanderer kens where he will rest,
The weary ken where they will dee ;
Yet here, a weary wanderer, I
Ken nought but sad adversitie.

The storm that breaks the sapling aik,
But scarcely bends the aged tree—
When will I lay me down to sleep ?
When will I lay me down to dee ?

THE CHARM OF LIFE HATH PASSED
AWAY.

TUNE—*Gilderoy.*

THE charm of life hath passed away,
My Mary is no more ;
Love's fleeting vision would not stay,
Its golden dream is o'er !
They talk of joy who know not woe,
Of hope who know not care ;
They speak of peace who do not know
The depths of dark despair !

In fairest green the spring came round,
And in its train the flowers ;
While music, with its silver sound,
Made glad this world of ours.

But now the summer song is past,
 And autumn, sad and slow,
 Comes lowering on the sweeping blast,
 To lay the flowerets low.

I see them fading, one by one,
 'Neath evening's wintry sky,
 Nor morning from her orient throne
 Shall wake them forth in joy.
 They mind me of the flower that's fled—
 A fairer never shone—
 They tell me that my joy is dead,
 My lovely one is gone!

Could I be blamed for loving her?
 A being formed for love—
 Whose image might a grace confer
 On angel homes above;
 For heaven's fair radiance, softly bright,
 Was settled on her brow;—
 Farewell, blest days, that knew no night—
 They close in darkness *now*!

THE AUTUMN WINDS ARE BLAWING.

TUNE—*Flowers o' the Forest.*

THE autumn winds are blawing, red leaves are
fa'ing,

An' nature is mourning the simmer's decay ;
The wee birdies singing, the wee flowerets springing,
Hae tint a' their sangs, an' withered away !

I, too, am mourning, for death has nae returning ,
Where are my bairnies, the young an' the gay ?
Why should they perish ?—the blossoms we cherish—
The beautiful are sleeping cauld in the clay !

Fair was their morning, their beauty adorning,
The mavis sang sweet at the closing o' day ;
Now the winds are raving, the green grass is waving,
O'er the buds o' innocence cauld in the clay !

Ilka night brings sorrow, grief comes ilk morrow—

Should gowden locks fade before the auld an'
grey?

But still, still they're sleeping, wi' nae care nor
weeping,

The robin sits chirping ower their cauld clay!

In loveliness smiling, ilka day beguiling,

In joy and in gladness, time murmured by;

What now were pleasure, wi' a' the warld's treasure?

My heart's in the grave where my fair blossoms
lie!

The autumn winds are blawing, red leaves are fa'ing,

Moaning is the gale as it rides on its way;

A wild music's sighing, it seems a voice crying,—

“Happy is that land that knows no decay!”

O! TAKE ME TO YON SUNNY ISLE.

TUNE—*Gramachree.*

New Music by J. SACHELL, London.

O! take me to yon sunny isle,
That stands in Fortha's sea,
For there, all lonely, I may weep,
Since tears my lot must be.
The caverned rocks alone shall hear
My anguish and my woe,
But can their echoes Mary bring?
Ah! no, no, no!

I'll wander by the silent shore,
Or climb the rocky steep,
And list to ocean murmuring
The music of the deep;

But when the soft moon lights the waves
In evening's silver glow,
Shall Mary meet me 'neath its light ?
Ah ! no, no, no !

I'll speak of her to every flower,
And lovely flowers are there,
They'll maybe bow their heads and weep,
For she, like them, was fair ;
And every bird I'll teach a song,
A plaintive song of woe,
But Mary cannot hear their strains ?
Ah ! no, no, no !

Slow steals the sun adown the sky,
As loath to part with day,
But airy morn, with carolling voice,
Shall wake him forth as gay ;
Yet Mary's sun rose bright and fair,
And now that sun is low,
Shall its fair beam e'er grace the morn ?
Ah ! no, no, no !

But I must shed the hidden tear,
Lest Mary mark my care :

The stifling groan may break my heart,
But it shall linger there !
I'll even feign the outward smile,
To hide my inward woe,
I would not have her weep in heaven ?
Ah ! no, no, no !

FAIR MAIDEN WITH THE BRIGHT
BLUE EYE.

FAIR maiden with the bright blue eye,
Thou'st stolen my heart away ;
Thou'rt mingled in my dreams by night,
And in my thoughts by day !

And oft thy name steals from my lip,
Or falters on my tongue—
O ! I was ne'er beguiled before
By one so fair and young !

Thy image, lovely as the morn,
 Appears in all I see ;
 For nature, in her fairest forms,
 But breathes and speaks of thee !

Thy voice is in the song that falls
 On evening calm and fair ;
 And in the rose's opening tint,
 Thy beauty's pictured there !

O ! welcome love, if this be love—
 Aught else it cannot be—
 To think that all my joy or woe
 Finds sympathy with thee.

To wander 'mong the buds of spring,
 Or flowers of summer gay,
 And sing—O ! maiden, ever fair,
 Thou'st stolen my heart away !

SONG OF THE WINE BOND.

BACCHANALIAN EXTRAVAGANZA.

TUNE—*Paddy O' Carrol.*

O come to the wine bond in gladness and glory,
 The Burgundy's bright, and the brandy is strong;
 Our bold deeds shall flourish in fame's future story,
 Brave kings of the wine-cup, and knights of the
 song.

We'll stifle the lockers, and *burke* the wine brokers,
 With hammers and pokers we'll force in our way;
 Our torches are gleaming, the red wine is beaming,
 In bright oceans streaming—away, lads, away!

Yon dark butt of Cadiz, how silent it slumbers,
 Unconscious the spoilers thirst strong for its blood;
 Its heart-drops shall waken our wild swelling num-
 bers,

It dies as the flower dies when nipt in the bud!

The world's getting old, with its dull round of pleasures,
sures,

Its cold forms of friendship, tame, tame, are they
all;

But here is the mine where repose its chief treasures,
And, goblet of Bacchus! enjoy them we shall!

Come, come—dost thou blush at a flagon of claret?

Ha! ha! 'tis its brightness but meeting with thine;
Come, bleed him again—the bluff barrel can bear it,

In joy let us share it—hurrah! for the wine!
The night moon is up, through the heavens see her
wander,

'Tis well, for our torches grow drowsy and dim;
Rouse, sons of the night! let us crown it with
splendour,

In glory and grandeur, with cups to the brim!

THE BATTLE FLAG WAVES ON THE
BREEZE.

THE battle flag waves on the breeze,
Hark ! hark ! the bugle's calling ;
Each soldier coming glory sees,
And foemen round him falling !
One youth remains, to beauty true,
To coward fear a stranger,
The last to bid his love adieu,
The foremost in the danger.

The soldier seeks his lady's bower,
Which rose and woodbine cover ;
She knows it is the farewell hour,
The parting with her lover !

And art thou come, but not to stay ?

She cries, in words of sorrow ;

I know thou'rt with me here to-day,

But where art thou to-morrow ?

Cease, cease, he cried, nor grieve a heart

With love and honour burning—

It suits not one in tears to part,

With laurelled brow returning !

Adieu, fair maid, this heart is thine,

No fate our love shall sever ;

And while I hold thy bosom mine,

O ! I am blest for ever !

HURRAH! FOR THE LAND OF THE BRAVE!

Music by D. CURRIE.

THE glory of England shall rise,
As riseth the sun o'er the wave,
In the temple of Fame they shall echo her name—
Hurrah! for the land of the brave!

Here freedom hath gladdened the soil
That never was trod by a slave,
And beauty's fair smile gives a charm to the isle—
Hurrah! for the land of the brave!

Tread light where our battle fields lie—
Each spot is a warrior's grave;
Their bold deeds we'll tell, while the chorus shall
swell—
Hurrah! for the land of the brave!

Old ocean encircles the free,
 And liberty's banner shall wave
 In pride o'er the main, while the harp sounds the
 strain—
 Hurrah! for the land of the brave!

THE LILY NOW BLOOMS IN ITS BEAUTY.

THE lily now blooms in its beauty,
 The hawthorn blossoms sae fair,
 And simmer, on saft sunny breezes,
 Comes dancing in gladness ance mair.
 The clear siller burnie is gushing,
 Late covered in deep winter snaw,
 And a', save my puir heart, is cheery—
 My bonnie dear laddie's awa'!

I ken by the note o' the blackbird,
 I ken by the lintie's saft sang,
 I ken by the shrill singing laverock,
 High piping the white cluds amang:
 I ken by the wail o' the plover,
 That echoes through greenwood and shaw,
 A' nature thegither is telling 't—
 My bonnie dear laddie's awa'!

Nae mair by the wood-skirted mountain
 I meet him when morning is young,
 Nor down i' the valley at gloamin'
 I list to his love-wooing tongue!
 Nae mair do I hear his wild music,
 For sweetly the pipe he can blaw,
 I wonder what's come o' my laddie—
 O! he was the dearest of a'!

But the sun that shines sweet on the gowan,
 Rekindles the dark rocky glen,
 Sae I, though my heart it be eerie,
 May welcome its sunshine again.
 But, hark! yonder note as it rises,
 Or laigh down the valley does fa',
 I ken 'tis the pipe o' my true love—
 O! he is the dearest of a'!

CAPTAIN MUNRO.*

TUNE—*Humours o' Glen.*

SUCCESS to all sailors who wend o'er the ocean,
 Whose barks o'er its bosom bound fleet as the
 roe ;

Success to all captains who fight for promotion—
 The bravest of captains is Captain MUNRO !
 He fights with the boldest, he rouses the coldest,
 His weapon's the strong wine as black as the sloe ;
 Your bucklers and targes can ne'er stand his *charges*,
 The prince of all warriors is Captain MUNRO !

His ship is the fleetest, his cabin the neatest,
 And there did we meet when the sun journeyed
 low ;
 The night breeze was blowing, but the cock it was
 crowing
 Ere we thought of going from Captain MUNRO !

* Written at the request of a party of friends, who, along with the author, dined with Captain MUNRO on board his ship, the *John Munro* of Limekilns.

There WILLIE and SANDY quaffed bumpers in
brandy,

While BOB swore that Burgundy best cured his
woe;

And MACK, man of merit, hob-nob'd wi' the claret,
Or nobly did share it wi' Captain MUNRO !

The grey-beards and rummers—nae unfrequent
comers—

Like fifers and drummers, a' stood in a row :

“Now seize on the nearest, and drain out the
clearest,

And drink to the dearest,” said Captain MUNRO !
Such laughing and singing, to full cups such clinging,
While speeches like Baltic's dark waters did flow ;
And when tongues failed in duty, the eye rose in
beauty,

Speaking *eloquent glances* to Captain MUNRO !

But, oh ! dool and sorrow ! when night brought the
morrow,

The waves danced in gladness, the light breeze
did blow,

The sails were in motion, and quick o'er the ocean,
Away went the good ship and Captain MUNRO !

But summer is coming, when flowerets fair blooming,
Their bright dewy grandeur to nature will show ;
O, welcome, gay season ! I'll tell you the reason—
For then come the white sails of Captain MUNRO !

MY HOME IS THE HIGHLANDS.

TUNE—*Paddy O'Rafferty.*

My home is the Highlands, that home that is dearest,
Where woods are the darkest and streamlets the
 clearest ;
No arts of the Lawlands, with fashions so gaudy,
The mountains for me and my dear Highland laddie.
O ! there the dun deer in its wild freedom boundeth,
And there the shrill pibroch its martial notes sound-
 eth ;
A thousand bright swords to its summons are ready,
And first 'mong the brave is my dear Highland laddie.

✻

Our heath-covered mountains are boldest and steepest,

Our bright-bosomed waters are fairest and deepest ;
O'er steep rock or streamlet with foot free and steady,
As swift as the roe comes my dear Highland laddie.
His eye is as keen as the eagle's high soaring,
His soul only yields to his loved maid adoring ;
His heart it is true, and his cheek it is ruddy,
And kind, kind to me is my dear Highland laddie.

As high as the pine-tree that waves on the mountain,
As pure as the light stream that flows from the fountain,

So high is his heart, and so pure and as steady,
The love that I bear to my dear Highland laddie.
His parting is only to cheer his returning,
He speeds o'er the lake like a bird of the morning,
With sails snowy white and streamers so gaudy—
The mountains for me, and my dear Highland laddie!

DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.

TUNE—*Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee.*

DINNA think, bonnie lassie,
 Though the trumpet's sounding,
 And gallant steeds for noble deeds
 In martial pride are bounding ;
 Dinna think this brief farewell
 Will e'er give cause to grieve thee,
 From battle plain I'll come again,
 To love and never leave thee.

Dinna think, bonnie lassie,
 This the hour of sorrow—
 The glorious light but falls in night
 To wake a brighter morrow ;
 And though misfortune's clouds may seem
 Our morn of joy to cover,
 The Powers that gave to me thy love
 Will give thee back thy lover.

Dinna think, bonnie lassie,
When the foe is flying,
And where was life and battle strife
Are now the dead and dying ;
Dinna think, though red the fight,
And all around be gory,
This heart shall cease to beat for thee,
Or share with thee the glory.

Dinna think, bonnie lassie,
While the danger spurning,
And for a name of deathless fame
Each soldier brave is burning ;
Dinna think that beauty's charms
Shall be remembered never—
The brave in fight, the true in love,
Shall be victorious ever !

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT,

AS SUNG BY MISS BYFELD IN THE MASQUE, PERFORMED IN
THE THEATRE-ROYAL, EDINBURGH, IN HONOUR OF THE
GENIUS OF THE MINSTREL OF THE NORTH.

TUNE—*Braes of Yarrow.*

THE Minstrel sleeps!—the charm is o'er,
The bowl beside the fount is broken,
And we shall hear that Harp no more
Whose tone to every land hath spoken!

The Minstrel sleeps!—and common clay
Claims what is only common now;
His eye hath lost its kindling ray,
And darkness sits upon his brow!

The Minstrel sleeps!—the spell is past,
His spirit its last flight hath taken;
The magic wand is broke at last,
Whose touch all things to life could waken!

The Minstrel sleeps !—the glory's fled,
The soul's returned back to the Giver,
And all that e'er could die is dead,
Of him whose name shall live for ever!

The Minstrel sleeps !—and Genius mourns
In tears of woe, and sighs of sorrow;
For though each day his song returns,
The Minstrel's voice it knows no morrow!

The Minstrel sleeps !—and death, oh ! thou
Hast laid the mighty with the slain—
The mantle fallen, is folded now,
And who may it unfold again?

THY ROSES, ENGLAND.

THY roses, England, must be fair
When two such lovely ones we see—
O! I would bid farewell to care,
Could I beside such blossoms be!

The myrtle, 'neath Italia's sky,
Puts forth its leaves of shady green:
The palm-tree lifts its head on high
Where Ganges' sunny banks are seen.

But not the gems of Indian bowers,
Nor those Italia's gales perfume,
Can match with England's fairest flowers,
The roses of the living bloom!

For them I mourn, for them I sigh,
For them I breathe my fondest prayer;
Aught else of joy brings not of joy,
If they its pleasures may not share!

O ! had I wealth as I have will,
 Of these fair flowers one rose were mine ;
 But which to choose would vex me still,
 They're both so lovely, so divine !

But, oh ! in parting, we must part
 To meet no more in love's fond tie ;
 But still enthroned within my heart,
 My roses there shall never die ! †

I HEARD A MAIDEN PLAINTIVE SING.

TUNE—*Gramachree.*

I heard a maiden plaintive sing, and thus the
maiden sung—

While sorrow seemed to cloud the brow of her still
fair and young.

“ Had I,” she said, and, oh ! how sweet the trem-
bling accents fell,

And yet they told that hope with her had ta'en a
long farewell !—

“ Had I the joys of other years, when all the world
was gay,

I would not mourn so many hours of gladness pass'd
away :

I would not sigh for pleasures fled, that cannot come
again,

If one of all the many gone to me but did remain !

“Alas! if love gave all my joy, it now brings all my woe,
 Since those fond moments vanished now, again I
 may not know,
 When he, the kind, the young, the brave, made
 those fleet moments seem
 As if this world were one of joy, and all its cares a
 dream !

“To-day we wandered in our love, where bright the
 flow’rets grew,
 To-morrow o’er the foaming main, his gallant bark
 it flew;
 And many a day I’ve counted o’er, and many a
 morrow mourn’d,
 But ne’er unto these longing eyes has that swift
 bark return’d !

“They spoke of death, but did not tell where his
 lone grave might be,
 Yet soon a boding voice I heard, that whispered
 thus to me :—
 Not where the yew-tree, darkly green, its wintry
 branches wave,
 But ’neath the wild and stormy deep is thy fond
 lover’s grave !” †

ONE SONG, AND SINCE IT IS THE
LAST.

ONE song, and since it is the last,
Oh ! let it be a plaintive strain,
That I, when all our loves are past,
May weep o'er it again.

Another fate, had it been mine,
Perhaps had spared this pang from me ;
Another fate, had it been thine,
Had saved those tears from thee.

Farewell ! 'twere briefly said, farewell !
And parting it were quickly done,
Did tyrant memory never tell
That fond hearts once were one.

We yet may meet; but, should we meet,
The busy world must never know,
That e'er our hearts with love did beat,
As now they beat with woe!

MY SOUL'S NOT IN THE MOTLEY
THRONG.

My soul's not in the motley throng,
Nor busy crowds we see;
I wander 'mid the world of song,
Where Nature's voice is free.

The roaring woods or heaving floods,
With murky thunders driven
Athwart the sky, proclaiming high
The Majesty of Heaven!

To ponder far from earthly care,
 Or in the sunless glen
 To commune with the silence there,
 Remote from mortal ken !

To follow tracks where follow none—
 To be where none shall be—
 The privilege to be alone,
 The glory to be free !

THE BEAUTIFUL'S AWAY.

TUNE—*The Highland Watch.*

THE roses flower and fade unseen,
In all their beauty fair ;
They deck no more their throne of green,
Nor fondly linger there !
For lovely eyes that watched their bloom,
Or bade their blossoms stay,
Have closed their brightness in the tomb—
The beautiful's away !

I saw my flower in pride come forth,
But soon its hour went by,
Permitted but to bud on earth,
It blossoms in the sky !

It fell, ere autumn winds arose,
While summer yet was gay,
Ye flowerets take a long repose,
The beautiful's away !

I may not sigh for her that's gone,
Nor weep though she is fled ;
No sigh should come nor tear drop down
For what is with the dead !
But in my heart there is a woe,
A grief that seems to say :—
Bright flowers, lay all your blossoms low,
The beautiful's away !

ODE TO THE HARP.

THOU harp of song ! why sleep'st thou now ?

Thy once high tones are low ;

Yet MOORE hath sounded all thy joy,

And BYRON all thy woe !

The willow branch is now thy home,

Beside the silent stream,—

Do all the mighty slumber now,

In death's unbroken dream ?

Where is the bard who swept thy chords

On Coila's flowery lea ?

Whose song—harp of a thousand years—

Brought glory back to thee !

Where is the bard whose magic touch,

All on thy trembling string,

The pride, the pomp of chivalry,

From time's long vast did bring ?

Alas ! the clarion sounds no more,
Nor neighing steeds come forth
To welcome, in their bright array,
The Minstrel of the North !

Lone harp ! are all thy chords unstrung ?
Is all thy music o'er ?
Shall none for love, for freedom, fame,
Thy harmony restore ?

The hollow wind creeps o'er thy strings,
And wakes this feeble strain—
“The halcyon days of song are past,
And may not come again !”

Sad harp ! where are thy echoes now ?
Thy thrilling tones are low ;
Yet MOORE hath sounded all thy joy,
And BYRON all thy woe !

LET YOUNKERS BOAST HIGH.

LET younkers boast high of their loves and their joys,
 Mere baubles of childhood, or youth's idle toys;
 Gie me the warm friendship that age aye can len',
 The frank hearty welcome of honest auld men!

To crack o' the feats of our years fled away,
 And speak o' the friends that are cauld in the clay,—
 These tales of the past may awaken a sigh,
 But it charms us to call up our simmers gane by!

To look on the journey we've traversed sae fast,
 And count o'er the *mile-stanes* o' life we hae pass'd;
 The road whiles was rough, and we whiles fand it
 lang,

But aften 'twas smooth'd wi' a blithe canty sang.

And now since we've a' got sae far on life's day,
Oh! wha wad throw clouds on the rest of the way?
The morning is fled, and gane is the noon,
And evening, fast coming, will steal on us soon!

Then ere the lang night come that Death ca's his
ain,

Oh! let us be happy, and social, and fain;
We're far-travelled pilgrims, and a' of ae band,
Then pledge me your heart, as I now pledge my
hand! †

DIRGE OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Published to Music by FINLAY DUN.

THE Bard of Ettrick's silent now,
His loved harp sounds no more,
Though scarce we think its notes are dead,
And all its tones are o'er;
The leaf's not fall'n that late was green,
When in his woodland bower,
Amid his forest solitudes,
We listened to its power.

And yet a boding voice is heard,
His spirit's flight it tells,
And thus, in cadence wild and deep,
The wailing chorus swells;
While hill and dale, and rock and tree,
And every vale around,

Respond the shrill aerial dirge,
In music's saddest sound :

“ All mournfully—all mournfully,
We bore the Bard along,
And laid him in the narrow house,
Where lives no voice of song.
The grave is now his resting place,
Where weary pilgrims sleep,
His dwelling is the narrow house,
Which death's strong warders keep.

“ One morn the echoes ceased to wake,
The mountain pipe was still,
Another came, and yet we missed
The Minstrel on his hill.
We sought him where his home appears,
Far in the forest glen,
And found Kilmeny's Bard had left
The land of living men !

“ St Mary's Lake is lonely now,
And now from Yarrow's stream
The pride of love and pomp of song
Have vanished like a dream ;

And Ettrick Vale, where every flower
In beauty fair did blow,
Now mourns her moorland harp unstrung,
And all her flow'rets low!

“The rose shall bloom on Tweed's fair banks,
The lily yet shall spring,
The mountains shall burst forth in song,
And all the grove shall sing;
But who shall call the Minstrel forth
When summer decks the plain?—
The tenants of the narrow house
Come never back again.

“The fount of song hath ceased to flow,
Which Ramsay did descry,
And at the feet of Ferguson
In pebbly pride went by;
Or nobly o'er its crystal banks
Did gushing overflow,
When Burns, in glory and in joy,
Beside the stream did go.

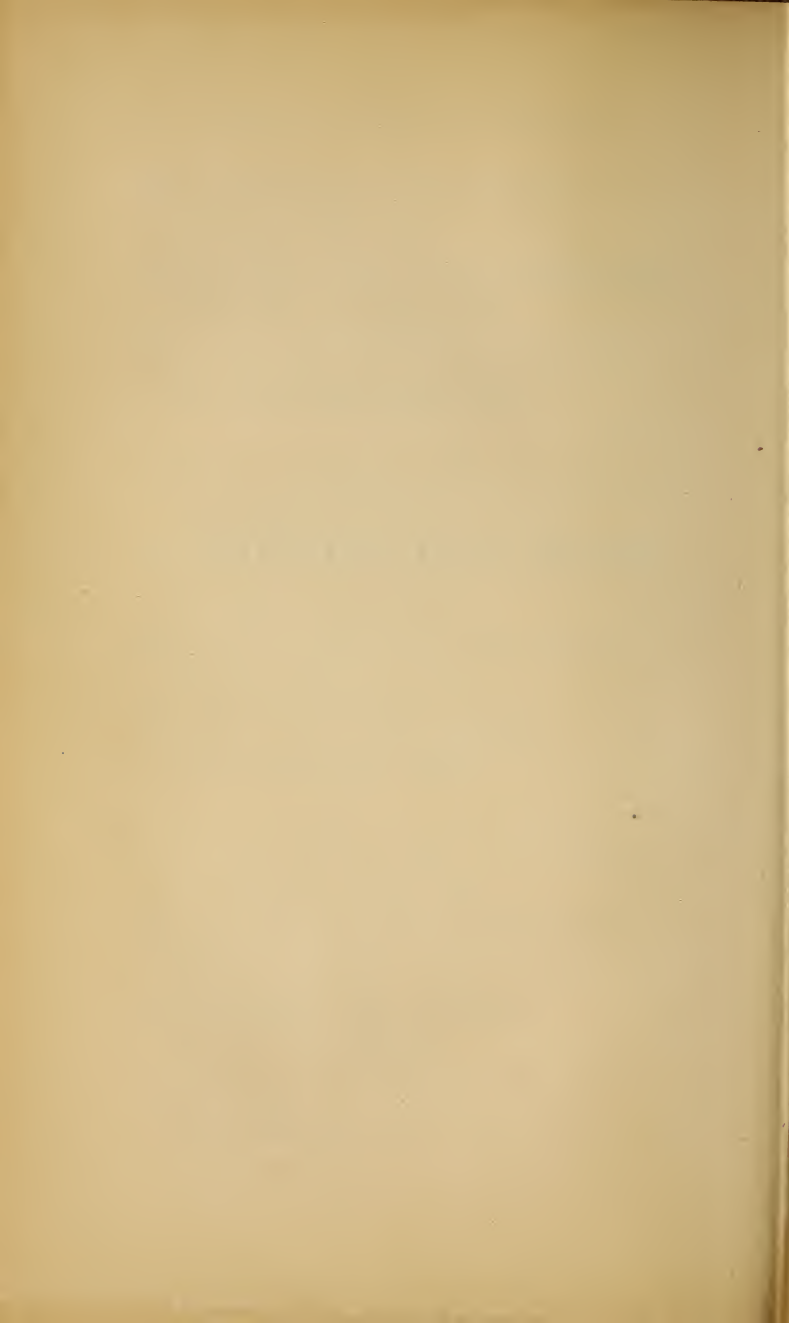
“The Minstrel of ‘Gleniffer Braes,’
And others of the lyre,

Have followed, till the silver thread
In Yarrow did expire.
Bright fount of song, whose cooling draught
Did soothe our deepest woe,
Who now shall raise the wand, and bid
The rock-lodged waters flow?

“The harp that long in Scotia’s land
Hath gladdened with its sound,
Is only where the willows weep
In sadness to be found!
Or should the rude blast wake a chord,
’Tis but a passing strain—
The Bard who of Kilmeny sang
Comes never back again!

“No more to sing ’mong Yarrow Braes,
Or charm in Ettrick Vale,
Or cheer the shepherd’s humble hearth
With simple song or tale!
All mournfully—all mournfully,
We bore him sad along,
And laid him in the narrow house,
Where lives no voice of song!”

POEMS AND BALLADS.



POEMS AND BALLADS.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

[The German original of the following poem was the production of Baron Zeidlitz. M. Barthelemy, for publishing a French translation under the reign of the restored Bourbons, was sentenced to a fine of one thousand francs, and three months' imprisonment. This would seem to imply that it was held as calculated to foster the love of Napoleon in the breasts of the French nation. To us, on the contrary, it seems fitted to impress a melancholy sense of the waste of human life, under the system pursued by that memorable man, and the hollowness of all that military glory, which he taught the French nation to thirst for. Excepting the newspaper paragraph, which simply mentioned, a few years ago, a speculation made by an English merchant in bringing over for manure the bones of the French chivalry which had been left on the Russian fields, we could not well conceive any thing more significant of the vanity of military procedure than this visionary mustering of the hosts who gave their lives to serve the selfishness of one. The following translation is by Mr Robert Gilfillan, and appeared first in the Dublin University Magazine.]
—*Chambers' Journal.*

AT midnight hour is heard
A wild and wailing sound;
The spectre-drummer leaves his grave,
Parading round and round.

His fleshless hands they play
With drumsticks on the drum,
And now the martial reveillé
Or roll-call beat doth come.

So strangely does he play,
That, wakening to the strain,
Old soldiers from their gory sleep
Start up to life again !

Those in the frozen North
Who fell 'neath Russian sway,
And those who from Italia's grave
Return not back to day.

Arabia's desert teems,
And Nile gives up her slain ;
And, lo ! in ghostly armour clad,
They crowd the ranks amain !

And from his midnight tomb
The trumpeter doth come,
And shrilly answers with his blast
The summons of the drum.

All on their airy steeds
The warrior throng is seen,
With many a gash'd and gory wound,
And visage dark, I ween!

To grasp the flashing sword
Their bony hands aspire;
But from their grinning skulls the eyes
Give out no wonted fire!

At midnight's lonely hour
The CHIEF of all the band,
On blanched steed, comes slowly forth
To give the still command.

He wears no badge of war,
No mark of kingly fame,
Nor plume nor glittering star
Add splendour to his name.

A little sword hangs sheath'd
His shadowy form beside;
But all the Hero's fire is gone,
And all the Monarch's pride.

The moon looks from the sky
On the spectral forms below,
And he who reins the blanched steed
From rank to rank doth go.

The squadrons greet their Chief,
In silence greet they him,
Save when the drum and trumpet notes
Rise o'er the phalanx dim!

Around him Marshals come,
And Generals bend the sword,
And, see! the Chieftain stoops to one,
And gives a whispering word!

That word flies round the ranks,
With lightning swiftness driven;
'Tis FRANCE! their watchword—St HELENE!
The password quickly given!

'Tis thus, at midnight hour,
The spirits of the slain
Assemble round a Mighty Chief,
That troubleth not again!

MUSIC.

WAKE, Music's voice, and give me song,
For harmony shall be
The charm that binds my heart to all—
And every heart to me!

Where music is, no ill may come,
And sadness quickly flies,
Or calms into a pleasing dream,
When melodies arise.

And if of song the highest bliss
Would erring mortals know,
Let beauty only wake the strain,
And bid the numbers flow!

The mountains breathe a harmony,
The woods burst forth in song,
And Ocean, with its dreamy voice,
Sings high the waves among.

But songs of woods, or hills, or seas,
May never once compare
With music falling from the tongue
Of lovely woman fair.

In loveliness she sings of love,
To her 'tis kindly given
To raise the grovelling soul from earth,
And taste the joys of heaven.

†

STANZAS

TO MRS M——'S CHILDREN ON THEIR ARRIVAL FROM INDIA.

FAIR flow'rets of an Eastern clime,
 Welcome to Scotia's shore;
 Ye come 'mid our brief summer's prime,
 When all our storms are o'er.
 Short-lived our days of breezes bland,
 Unlike your own bright sunny land!

We may not boast of groves of palm,
 Nor flowers of living bloom,
 Nor wafted airs of scented balm,
 A soft and sweet perfume!
 Nor skies that know no cloud, like those
 'Neath which your childhood did repose!

We must not speak of golden streams,
 Whose waters gently flow,

Like those of which a poet dreams,
Or your loved landscapes know!
Our mountain torrents burst along,
Not like those famed in Indian song!

We may not tell of song-birds fair,
Whose plumage mocks the sun,
Whose music fills the morning air,
Nor stops till day is done.
Our warblers wake a feeble song,
Compared to those you lived among!

We cannot tell of scenes that shine
All gorgeous to the view,
Where Spring exclaims—These scenes are mine!
And Summer claims them too!
Our vales oft show a prospect drear,
And Winter comes to cloud our year!

But Scotland hails ye as her own—
Bleak, rugged, though she be—
Her worth o'er every land is known,
Her fame on every sea!
And 'mid our mountains cold and bare,
The warm and friendly heart is there!

Then, welcome! from the foaming tide
Between and India's sky—
May each be still a mother's pride,
And each a mother's joy!
Long days of happiness and love,
Esteemed below, and blessed above! †

WINTER SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

THE Rose thus to the Lily sang,
While loud the winds did blow,
Above their heads the crisping frost,
Around the wintry snow:—

“ Fair lily of the sunny bowers,
Pent in thy icy tomb,
Where summer green leaf never spread,
Nor flow'r of Spring did bloom.

The lark hath sought another land,
Far on its weary wing;
But cheer thy heart, sweet modest flower,
We'll all come out in Spring!

“ The hare bell sleeps beneath the sod,
The primrose on the lea,
And where is now the daisy sweet,
So fair, so bright to see?
Even thou hast lost thy queen-like pride,
Which all the bards did sing;
But cheer thy heart, sweet modest flower,
We'll all come out in Spring!

“ The trees have lost their verdure fair,
Their branches, no more green,
Are waving to the summer breeze,
Where song-birds oft were seen!
The morn comes not with early dew,
They day no sun doth bring;
But cheer thy heart, sweet modest flower,
We'll all come out in Spring!

“ Then music shall awake the grove,
And joy shall light the glen,

And all the band of buried flowers
Shall blossom forth again !
The earth is now a wilderness,
And darkness reigns as king;
But cheer thy heart, sweet modest flower,
We'll all come out in Spring !

“ Alas ! thou must not venture yet
To lift thy fragile form ;
For loud and angry is the wind,
And awful is the storm.
But when thou hear'st the cuckoo's note,
Or thrush in woodland sing,
Then may'st thou leave thy wintry home,
And welcome in the Spring ! †

FUNERAL DIRGE FOR WILLIAM IV.

EDINA's ramparts high
 Glow in the setting sun,
 And far upon the ear of night
 Is heard the funeral gun ;
 It speaks of glory fled,
 It tells of greatness gone—
 That death has shown how vain the pomp
 That circles round a throne !

The regal hand is cold,
 Nor wields the sceptre now !
 The jewell'd chaplet's passed away
 That bound the royal brow !
 The sword of power is sheath'd,
 And, for the music's swell,
 That rose within the princely hall,
 Now chimes the burial bell !

Again !—the minute gun
 Wakes echo from her cave !

And see the fast declining sun
Sinks 'neath the western wave !
Sadly he goes away,
Like our old King, to rest ;
And now the Queen of night appears,
In virgin beauty drest !

So comes our maiden Queen,
With high attendant train,
To shed a glory o'er the land,
And bid it smile again !
She comes, in youthful pride,
With kind and gentle sway ;
And all shall own her purer beam,
Her softer, milder ray !

Hail ! Empress of our sky,
A cloudless path be thine,
Thou lovely—but, oh, not the last—
Of a long and noble line.
Old England is thine own !
Thou'rt loved by Erin green !
And not a heart in all Scotland
But will rise for Scotland's Queen

THE DEATH OF THE INFANTS.

'Twas when the flowery fields were green,
 An' buds were on the tree,
 Twa bonnie bairnies o' this earth
 A-laid them down to dee!—

“ And shall I wait for you, sister?
 Or shall you wait for me?
 We journey to a happier land,
 Let's gang in company!

“ An' fareweel to our father's house,
 Likewise our mother's knee,—
 We journey to a happier land,
 And gang in company!”

The touch o' death sae gently fell,
 That scarce ye'd ken'd it there,
 Had not the breath, like the rose's breeze,
 Played round their lips nae mair,

“ And shall we ne’er our loved ones see
In this low world of pain ?
Yet there’s a bright and happy land
Where we shall meet again !”

But many a sigh came frae the heart,
And tear fell frae the e’e,
When the fair took flight to the world of light,
Where tears maun never be !

The sun shone with his fairest beam,
To light them on their way ;
And the laverock high, with notes of joy,
Attuned his sweetest lay !—

“ Sweet birdie, say—which is the way
That we’ll gang through the sky ?—
We left an earthly hame to-day
For a heavenly hame on high !”

The bird up-flew on soaring wing,
Till near the hour of even,
When the bairnies heard the angels’ song
At the portal gates o’ heaven !

“Gang down ! gang down ! sweet bird, gang down,
Nae farther maun ye flee ;
For these are sounds ye maunna hear,
And sights ye maunna see !”

The birdie turned him to the earth,
The bairnies to the sky,
While the seraph strain awoke again
To welcome them wi’ joy !

O ! here, however green the stem,
The blossoms fade away ;—
But, lovely ones, ye’ve reached the land
Where flowerets ne’er decay !

IT'S OH! GIN I WERE YOUNG AGAIN.

It's oh! gin I were young again,
It's oh! gin I were young,
Nae faithless swain should e'er again
Deceive wi' flattering tongue.

The primrose to the e'e of morn
Ne'er blossomed forth sae gay,
As did my hopes of happiness
In love's young gowden day.

But joy's short hour, by cloud an' shower,
Was quickly overcast,
And sorrow came, for love's young flame
It canna always last.

My lover left me for the deep,
But promised to be true,
Till nature seven times o'er the earth
Its beauty did renew.

The parting was a waesome hour,
And sae was mony a day ;
But aye the thought o' his return
Beguiled the time away.

Yet seven times did the lily fair
In beauty come an' gang,
And seven times did the simmer gale
Waft down the cuckoo's sang ;

And seven times winter, angry, cauld,
Blew frae the Norlan' main ;
And seven times simmer's bonnie face
Came smiling back again ;

And seven times did the day return
That he gaed ower the sea,
But yet, for a' his solemn vows,
He ne'er returned to me.

In ocean deep he doesna sleep,
I canna that deplore ;
He's wedded to a foreign bride,
And on a foreign shore.

They tell me that wi' jewels rare
In beauty she does shine ;
But can she boast a warmer heart,
Or fonder love than mine ?

And, oh ! gin I were young again,
And, oh ! gin I were young,
Nae faithless swain should e'er again
Deceive wi' flattering tongue !

TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

SLEEP, fond one ! in thy dreams,
How soft thine eyelids close !
No thoughts of sorrow cloud thy mind,
Nor trouble thy repose !

A smile of joy half steals
Across thy face so fair ;
And round thy brow, of purest white,
Bright falls thy golden hair !

So sleeps the lily pale
At calm of dewy eve,
When sunbeams, and the birds of song,
Its flowery blossoms leave !

So sleeps at morning hour
The softly blushing rose,
Ere o'er the earth the blessed sun
His golden glory throws !

Sleep on, thou lovely child !
Thy dreams are far away,
To where the fields are ever green,
The landscape ever gay !

Thine eye betrays no tear—
Thy bosom heaves no sigh ;
But like a thing of love and light,
Thou peacefully dost lie !

Long days of bliss be thine ;
And on thy placid brow
May joy and peace for ever dwell,
As calm as they do now !

Ah me ! bright days were mine,
Could I, with spirit free,
Forget past woes and future cares,
And sleep as soft as thee !

O! THE MERRY HUNTING DAYS ARE
GONE.

O! the merry hunting days are gone,
When gallant hearts led beauty on
O'er moorland wild, or winding hill,
When hounds were fleet and horns were shrill!
But summer's fled, and winter's come,
No more my dog and I can roam;
Yet, when flowers are fair, and fields are dry,
To the hunting go my dog and I.

The day is short, the night is cold,
And darkness falls o'er glen and wold,
Save when the sun shows feebly bright,
One snowy waste of endless white!

How changed from days when hunter's horn
 Awoke the lark at early morn !
 For days like these I fondly sigh,
 When a-hunting go my dog and I.

In slumbers deep my dog does lie,
 Save when he dreams of fields gone by,
 And, starting, thinks he still does trace
 The bygone glories of the chase !
 Sleep on, my dog ! for fierce winds blow,
 And streams run hoarse 'neath ice and snow ;
 But when summer comes, and fields are dry,
 To the hunting go my dog and I.

The wandering minstrel's at my door,
 A homeless pilgrim, old and poor :
 Come in, lone man, and wake a chime
 Of song and tale of olden time !
 Recall those scenes still in my mind,
 Of stag before, and steed behind !
 The storm is loud, but the time draws nigh
 When a-hunting go my dog and I.

Strike loud the harp, fill high the wine,
 Fair hands will spread that couch of thine ;

One night in dreams forget thy woes,
 Though minstrel's sleep is short repose!
 The wanderer sleeps; ah! soon, forlorn,
 He'll sleep that sleep which knows no morn!
 Yet, o'er his grave oft will I sigh,
 When a-hunting go my dog and I.

THE BARD OF SONG ROSE IN THE WEST.

(WRITTEN FOR BURNS' ANNIVERSARY, 1834.)

THE bard of song rose in the west,
 And gladdened Coila's land,
 The badge of fame was on his brow,
 Her sceptre in his hand.

The minstrel Muse beheld her son,
 While glory round him shone,
 Walk forth to kindle with his glance
 Whate'er he looked upon!

She saw the green earth where he strayed
 Acquire a greener hue,
 And sunny skies high o'er his head
 Assume a brighter blue.

She saw him strike his rustic harp,
 In cadence wild and strong:
 His song was of bold freedom's land—
 Of Scotland was his song!

He soared not 'mong aerial clouds,
 Beyond the mortal ken;
 His song was of the moorland wild,
 The happy homes of men.

Or of our battle chiefs, who rose
 To his enraptured view—
 He knelt before the BRUCE's crown,
 And sword that WALLACE drew!

Their deeds inspired his martial strains,
 He marked the patriot band
 Who stood, 'mid dark and stormy days,
 The guardians of our land.

“ All hail! my son,” the Muse she cried,
 “ Thy star shall ne’er decline ;
 A deathless name, and lasting fame,
 Shall ever more be thine !”

Fain had she said, “ and length of days,”
 But thus she boding sung—
 “ Away, away, nor longer stay,
 Thy parting knell hath rung !”

The Minstrel sighed, and from his harp
 A few sad tones there fell ;
 They told of honours—all too late,
 And of his last farewell !

They told of fame, when he no more
 Would need a cold world’s fame—
 Of proud memorials to his name,
 When he was but a name !—

Of pride, of contumely, and scorn—
 The proud man’s passing by—
 The Minstrel left to die on earth,
 Yet lauded to the sky !

'Tis past!—and yet there lives a voice
That thrills the chords among:
'Tis—Scotland's song shall be of BURNS,
Who gave to Scotland song!

IT WAS 'BOUT THE AULD HANSEL MONANDAY TIME.

It was 'bout the Auld Hansel Monanday time,
When dancin', an' drinkin', an' singin' 's nae crime,
That a canty auld carle cam' down by the burn,
An' towards our dwallin' his feet he did turn.

The gudeman cried, "Eppie! gae rise, let him in."
"Ye're welcome, auld man, to our feastin' an' din;
What news do ye bring frae the kintra or town?"
Sae we dighted a chair, an' he sat himsel down.

Across his braid shouthers a Scotch plaid was flung,
At his feet was a dog, and his hand held a rung;
An' his auld-fashant coat, o' patches no few,
Might, thretty years syne, hae aiblins been new!

A braw demas' wais'coat, the best o' his claes,
Sair worn—like its owner, bespak better days;
But his white sark, sae hale, as if just frae the loom,
Shawed a pride in the heart, though the pouch
might be toom!

Strange ferlies he tauld us, an' braw sangs he sung,
Wi' the sense o' the auld, an' the wit o' the young,
An' sae weel they cam' in, an' sae fine they did
chime,
That they seemed as they'd a' just been made for
the time.

He toomed out the bicker, an' whanged down the
cheese,
Than the gudeman himsel he seemed mair at his
ease;
But yet, naething forward, nor saucy, nor high,
Twas the ease o' a king when his crown is laid by!

He touzled the lasses, an' joked wi' the men,
He drank aff his cappie, an' crackit again :
His noddle wi' lair was fu' to the brim,
E'en auld Rabbie Gordon had nae chance wi' him !

The lads were dumfoun'ered, the lasses amazed,
An' Saunders Kilpatrick sat gaping, an' gazed ;
An' Willie Carmichael, in wham gude sense lies,
Said something 'bout folk being lords in disguise !

Sae kindly he spak to the lasses sae braw,
That you'd thocht the auld carle was courtin' them a' ;
But there aye was a dignity mixed wi' his fun,
An' his e'e claimed that rev'rence his arm could hae
won.

Fell stories he tauld us of battles an' scars,
He spak o' the Turks an' the Wallington wars—
But his picture of Waterloo made our hearts sair,
An' the round siller medal shawed he had been
there !

Sic a blithe happy group was ne'er seen afore,
An' the doggie an' bairns were as thick on the floor ;

For the curly wee *corp'ral*, sae pawkie an' slee,
Seemed to share, wi' his master, the daffin' an' glee !

But the blithest that meet, be't in cot or in ha',
Maun aye dree the fell thocht o' gangin' awa' ;
If the meeting gie pleasure, the parting gies pain—
Shall we e'er see the canty auld carle again ?

When the wee starnies peeped ower the auld castle
wa',

Our canty auld carle said—"Fare ye weel a' !"
We pressed him to bide, but he wadna sit still,
But said he'd be back when the snaw left the hill.

The auld folk were grieved, an' the wee bairnies
grat,

An' looked to the place where the auld man had sat :
We sought him in hamlet, we sought him in glen,
But the canty auld carle cam' ne'er back again !

THERE CAM' TO OUR VILLAGE A STRANGER.

THERE cam' to our village a stranger,
 A braw chiel frae braw Lon'on town,
 An' aff a braw naig at the alehouse
 Fu' brawly he lighted him down.
 The landlord, auld Rabbie M'Vicar,
 Wi' booing I wat didna spare,
 Said, "Walcome to this our plain dwallin',
 Yet bravely I vow ye sall fare !

" I'll thraw round the neck o' a chuckie,
 The fattest e'er ran on twa legs ;
 I'll slit up the craig o' a grumphy,
 They mak' famous eatin'—young pigs !
 There's a clag o' cowheel on a trencher,
 A gude haggis sooms i' the pat,
 An' Girzy, ye see, 's makin' puddin's ;—
 What else could we do wi' the fat ?

“ The pairicks play whirr! ’mang the claver,
 The trouties dance by in the burn;
 It’s fine to kill birds an’ catch fishes,
 An’ eat them when ance we return.
 An’ after a’s done, we’ve a drappie,—
 The gauger ye’ll surely no tell,—
 I say we sall hae a gude cappie,
We whiles brew the whisky oursel!

“ For beuks we’ve a gay wheen amang us,
 We’ve *somebody’s something* on law;
 We’ve BURNS ‘complete in ae volume,’
 But then the best half o’t’s awa’!
 We yince had a Patie and Roger,
 I think we’ve still gatten a part,
 But auld Tibby Gowans, the howdie,
 Can rhyme owre the maist o’t by heart.

“ For sangs, ye may hae half a hun’er;
 Our Jenny hersel can sing ten;
 The ‘Braw lads o’ famed ‘Gala water,’
 An’ the lass that made love to Tam Glen.
 There’s Sandy M’Gregor, the piper,
 His music might charm down a saunt:

I, mysel, am a bit of a scraper,
Sae what the deil else wad ye want?

“ There's twa three droll folk in the village,
For sample I'se name ye a few:
There's Jamie Macfarlane, the skipper,
He's been whaur the oranges grew.
An' there's Eppie Blake, decent bodie,
Brings cookies frae Auld Reekie's town;
Na, mair—she sells tea, tripe, an' soda,
An' sugar baith candied and brown.

“ I've a sword that shed bluid at Culloden;
O' Charlie's gowd locks I've a hair;
A shoe that has Africa trodden—
It belanged to Mungo Park's mare!
Then sic is a spice o' our village,
O' what you may baith eat an' see;
An' now, by the ghaist o' my gutcher!
We'll hae ben a bottle an' pree!”

O TELL ME, GIN THOU WERT A KING.

O TELL me, gin thou wert a king,
 What pleasure would be thine?
 Wouldst thou for pearls explore the deep,
 For diamonds search the mine?
 To sparkle on thy silken robes,
 Or glitter on thy crown,
 With lords and ladies worshipping
 Thy glory and renown?

O tell me, gin thou wert a king,
 What pleasure would be thine?
 Would sumptuous banquets be thy fare,
 Thy drink the ruby wine?
 With ladies fair to sing to thee
 The minstrel's sweetest lay,
 And lords to laugh at ilka word
 That thou wert pleased to say?

O tell me, gin thou wert a king,
What pleasure would be thine ?
Wouldst thou for feats of chivalry
Or deeds of valour shine ?
Or follow at the gallant chase,
Or lead the glorious war,
Returning with the laurelled brow,
And breast with honour's star ?

O tell me, gin thou wert a king,
What pleasure would be thine ?
Wouldst thou pursue the road to fame,
And woo the fickle Nine ?
Have earth to laud thy heaven-born strains,
And praise thy witching theme ?
Enjoy the dream of poesy ?—
It is a pleasing dream !

O tell me, gin thou wert a king,
What pleasure would be thine ?
Wouldst thou cause genius cease to mourn,
An' poortith cease to pine ?
Bring halcyon days to all thy land,
Such as the poets sing ?

What pleasure would be thine, O! tell,
Gin thou wert made a king?

O gin I were a king, I'll tell
The pleasure mine should be :
I'd have nor wealth, nor fame, nor power,
Nor cruel tyrannie ;
Nor lords nor ladies gay should wait
Upon me, or my crown,
Save ane, whase bonnie smiling face
Would gar them a' look down !

Without a crown, this bonnie lass
Would mak' a king o' me ;
And, had I ane, this bonnie lass
My lovely queen should be :
The pearl might sleep in ocean's bed,
The diamond in the mine,
A fairer jewel I would hae
In bonnie Madaline !

STANZAS WRITTEN IN MISS ——'S
ALBUM.

WAKE, my harp, from out thy slumbers,
While I strike thy trembling string;
Waken now thy sweetest numbers,
Sweet as her for whom I sing!

Not to deeds of martial story—
Not to strains of tyrants' fall—
Not to songs of freedom's glory—
Waken now to beauty's call!

Waken! for thou long hast slumber'd;
Waken! for I bid thee wake;
Waken! for thy tones I've number'd;—
Sound them all for Mary's sake!

Strains of joy, and strains of sadness,
Strains of grief, and strains of glee;
Wailings now of woe or madness,
Harp of my soul, have fall'n from thee

Oft thy tones have come unbidden,
 Oft I've trembled when they came,
 Wak'ning pangs of love long hidden,
 Pangs I may not, cannot name !

Still, though anxious days of sorrow
 Follow weary nights of pain,
 One more song, oh ! let me borrow,
 Harp of my soul, awake again !

Music kindles 'neath my fingers—
 Hark ! 'tis swelling deep and strong ;
 Listen while the spirit lingers,
 Hear its high prophetic song :—

“ Fairest lady, thine be ever
 Days of peace, with nought of care ;
 In thy bosom pure may never
 Sorrow find a dwelling there !

“ Be life's landscape one of brightness,
 O'er whose sky no clouds are driven ;
 Colours all of purest whiteness,
 Mixed with rainbow-tints of heaven !”

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

WHAT's in a name? O! there is much,
And Shakspeare well its magic knew,
When he, with more than Raphael touch,
Such lovely, living portraits drew!

What's in a name? O! it is sweet
To name the name I love so well,
Around it all the graces meet,
Within it all the cupids dwell.

'Tis music's self, and song's bright soul,
To hear that name I love to hear,
Even passion's rage it does control,
To name that name to me so dear.

'Tis sweet as her who it does claim,
Enough all men to lovers make ;
And did you know my fair one's name,
You'd almost love her for its sake !

What's in a name ? Go ask the flowers
What's in the sun when he does shine ?
Or ask this lovely world of ours,
What were it but for Madaline !

†

STANZAS.*

(WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF A VILLAGE CHURCH.)

BEHOLD ! the roofless Village Church,
 With tower and turrets riven ;
 This is the house of God no more,
 No more the gate of Heaven !

Its altars fallen, in ruins lie,
 Its walls grow to decay ;
 Its very burial mounds are gone,
 Its monuments away !

Dread Time ! how mighty is thy strength,
 Thy power what can outbrave !
 When thus we mark thy ravages
 On the enduring grave !

* This and the two following pieces were written for the "Scottish Christian Herald."

What time the Sabbath morn comes round,
The week's sad toilings o'er,
We see the train of villagers
Assemble here no more !

The voice of psalms and joyfulness,
Of prayer—when hearts did bow—
The worship, and the worshippers,
Alas ! where are they now !

Lo ! in the dark and silent tomb,
The voiceless throng is there ;
None weeps for them, none weeps for thee,
Thou lonely house of prayer !

But could those prison doors of death
Be opened unto day,
Where sleep the countless multitudes
Of ages passed away :

Then would a numerous band come forth
And claim a kindred here,
And mourn to see thy mouldering walls,
That naked thus appear !

The hollow winds sweep through the court,
Where wild the nettle grows;
And there the owl has found a home.
Where heavenly songs arose!

Even now, methinks, I hear a strain
Come from those aisles so dim;
And thus the viewless Choristers
Chant forth their solemn hymn:

“Time’s things they change! Time’s sons they die,
And time is on the wing,
That shortly to a final close
All earthly pomp shall bring!

“The changes of a changing world,
Behold them every where;
Then, mortal, lift thy soul to heaven,
Nor death, nor change, is there.”

†

PARAPHRASE UPON ISAIAH.

CHAP. XXXV.

Lo ! in that day when to the just
God shall Redemption bring ;
Then every valley shall be glad,
And all the woods shall sing.

Yea, they with songs abundantly
Shall singing thus rejoice—
Of Lebanon the glory is,
And her Redeemer's choice.

The wilderness and desert wild,
Where green leaf never grows,
Lo ! they in beauty shall bud forth,
And blossom as the rose.

Say to the weak of heart, Be strong ;
Confirm the feeble knees,
And bid the drooping hands be raised,
For God their trouble sees.

And he their sufferings will avenge,
Their sorrows will repay,
And they with joy shall find in him
A Saviour in that day.

Then shall the lame leap as the hart,
The blind shall look and see :
The deaf shall hear, and of the dumb
The mouth shall opened be !

Then springs shall cheer the wilderness,
Where weary pilgrims go ;
And waters from the barren rock
In living streams shall flow.

And there the path of holiness
For just men shall be spread ;
But fools, and those that wicked are,
That pathway shall not tread.

No lion strong, nor ravenous beast,
Shall find that valley fair;
But they—the ransomed of the Lord—
Shall walk and worship there.

With songs they shall to Zion come,
And there for ever stay;
And sighs and sorrows, griefs and tears,
Shall ever flee away!

†

EZEKIEL'S VISION.

THE Spirit of the Lord from heaven
 Upon Ezekiel came ;

The prophet knew the voice of God,
 And kindled at the same :—

“ This is the valley of the dead,
 Behold it wide and deep ;

Where, from their troubled dream of life,
 A thousand strong men sleep !

“ Behold their bones in countless heaps,
 That blanched and withered lie.”—

The prophet look'd upon the bones,
 And they were very dry.

“ Say, son of man, can these bones live,
 In which no life-springs dwell ?”

The prophet answer'd, “ O ! Lord God !
 'Tis thou alone canst tell !”

“ Then bid them hear the word of God,
And this that word shall be—
Awake, ye dead men, from your sleep,
The Lord shall set you free ;
New flesh upon your bones shall come,
And skin shall gather there ;
And round the clouded brow of death
I'll stamp my image fair :

“ And breath I'll give, that ye again
Your Maker's praise shall sing,
Then shall ye know that I am God,
Your Saviour and your King !”
The prophet raised his voice and cry'd,
“ Ye dead men, now awake !”
And, lo ! a mighty noise was heard,
And all the bones did shake.

And bone to bone together came,
Each bone into its place,
But cold and lifeless was each form,
And ghastly was each face ;—
The eye had not yet light—the mouth,
Unmoving, still was dumb,
And from the heart no living stream
In purple tide did come.

“ Call on the four winds, bid them blow,
And breathe upon the slain,
That they may wake to life once more,
And walk the earth again !”

“ Come forth, ye winds of heaven ! obey
His voice who bids ye blow ;
And raise the sleepers from their sleep,
Whom death has long laid low.”

The winds obey in songs :—they shout,
In lofty notes, his praise ;
And high as ever angel soared,
Their voices forth they raise.
The dead men startle at the sound,
The breath of life is given
By Him who walks upon the wind,
And rules the host of heaven !

The prophet gaz'd with fear and awe
To see this living band,
That grew an army great in power—
That covered all the land.
“ Who are the sleepers ?—Who the dead ?
Once blind, but now who see ?
Whence is the vision of the bones ?
And what may those things be ?”

“ These are the lost of Israel, who,
Wandering from the way,
Refuse the Witness sent from God,
Their only hope and stay ;
Who sleep in darkness and in death,
And scattered o'er the plain,
Till God's free Spirit o'er them come,
And call to life again.

“ Dark winter now around them reigns,
And dreary is their tomb ;
But summer yet shall o'er them smile,
And bid the valley bloom.
Then shall their dry bones quicken'd be,
And they shall hear his word,
And know that Jesus reigns as King,
The great and mighty Lord !”

†

SONG OF PEACE.

AWAKE the Song of Peace—

Let nations join the strain;
The march of blood, and pomp of war,
We will not have again!
Let fruit-trees crown our fields,
And flowers our valleys fair;
And on our mountain steeps—the songs
Of happy swains be there!

Our maidens shall rejoice,
And bid the timbrel sound;
Soft dreams no more shall broken be
With drums parading round.
No tears for lovers slain,
From lovely eyes shall fall;
But music and the dance shall come
In halcyon joy to all!

The rider and his steed—
 Their path of fame is o'er ;
The trumpet and the trumpeter
 Shall squadrons rouse no more !
No fields of vict'ry won,
 With blade and battle brand !
A nobler triumph shall be ours—
 A bright and happy land !

Too long the man of blood
 Hath ruled without control ;
Nor widows' tears, nor orphans' sighs,
 Could touch his iron soul !
But, lo ! the Mighty's fallen—
 And from his lofty brow
The chaplet fades that circled there—
 Where are his trophies now ?

Look to the countless graves
 Where sleep the thousands slain !
The morning songs no more call forth
 The stirring bands again !
The din, the strife is past,
 Of foe with falling foe—
The grassy leaves wave o'er their heads,
 And quiet they rest below !

Sound high the harp of song,
And raise the joyous strain ;
But war's rough note be it ne'er heard
To swell the chords again.
Put all its trappings past—
Vain pomp of bygone years :
To ploughshares grind the pointed swords,
To pruning-hooks the spears !

Come, man, to brother man,
Come in the bond of peace ;
Then strife and war, with all their train
Of dark'ning woe, shall cease.
Come, with that spirit free,
That art and science give ;
Come, with the patient mind for truth,
Seek it, and ye shall live !

Then earth shall yield her fruits—
The seasons forth shall bring ;
And summer fair shall gather sweets
From sunny bowers of spring !
While autumn mellow comes
With full and liberal hand ;
And gladness then shall fill each heart
Through all the happy land.

THE POOR MAN'S GRAVE.

THE poor man's grave ! this is the spot
 Where rests his weary clay ;
 And yet no gravestone lifts its head,
 To say what gravestones say !
 No sculptured emblems blazon here,
 No weeping willows wave,
 No faint memorial, e'er so faint,
 Points out the poor man's grave !

No matter—he as soundly sleeps,
 As softly does repose,
 Though marbled urn around his grave
 No idle incense throws !
 His lowly turf it burdens not,
 Yet that is ever green ;
 And, hopping near it oft at morn,
 The little redbreast's seen !

For none disturbs the poor man's grave—
To touch it who would dare,
Save some kind hand to smoothe the grass,
That grows all wildly there !
The poor man's grave ! call it his home—
From sorrow all secure—
For woe and want vex him no more,
Whom Fortune stamped as poor !

The poor man's grave !—a lesson learn,
And profit by't who can—
Here lies a man all nobly poor,
And yet an honest man !
He was a man well known for worth,
But all unknown to fame ;
And yet within his village bounds
He did not lack a name !

For all the village came to him,
When they had need to call ;
His counsel free to all was given,
For he was kind to all !
The young, the old, the sick, the hale,
Found him a friend most sure ;
For he rejoiced in others' weal,
Although himself was poor !

And yet not poor ; for calm content
Made all that he possess'd
Be cherished with a grateful heart,
Which made it doubly blest.
Serene 'mid ills,—to age resigned,
His days in peace did flow—
His timeward pilgrimage is past,
And now he sleeps below !

A happy man!—though on life's shoals
His bark was roughly driven,
Yet still he braved the surge—because
His anchorage was in Heaven !
I know no more—what more would'st know,
Since death deliverance gave :
His spirit took its flight on high—
This is the poor man's grave ! †

“THERE IS MUCH BETWEEN THE CUP
AND THE LIP.”

IN years gone by, when life was young,
The tide of joy to flow began :
I stoop'd to cool my parched tongue,
But still the waters past me ran !
I rush'd to chase the giddy stream
That onward, onward still, did flow ;
Thinking the race a pleasing dream,
And only woke to find it woe !

With calmer step, and cooler eye,
I sought fair pleasure's sunny sea ;
The shores were green, and clear the sky,
And every wave danc'd wild and free !
I touch'd the brink !—when backward flew
The waves that lately kiss'd the shore :
The sky around all inky grew,
And darkness came—where light before.

I hied me where a fountain play'd,
Whose waters upwards gushing came ;
And, oh ! how lovely was the maid
That held the cup whence flowed the same !
"This is the fount of love," she cried ;
And though the goblet oft was mine,
Some hand still dashed that cup aside,
Before I drank the rocky wine !

Next friendship's stream I gazed upon,
And glorious did that stream appear ;
And many a voice, like music's tone,
Rose from its wave upon mine ear !
"Give me to drink this water pure,
And lasting friendship mine shall be :"
Alas ! while still it did allure,
It join'd thy shores, Eternity !

The tide of wealth roll'd proud along,
Its wavelets of a golden hue ;
And thousands stoop'd with impulse strong,
And I would taste its waters too.
I raised the cup, but ere I drank,
A giddy madness seized my brain ;

And while I poured, its waters sank
Back to its feverish stream again !

Joy, pleasure, love, and wealth, I've sought,
Earth's baubles, how I hate ye all !
Ye hold your cup !—ah ! dearly bought—
I've found your waters from me fall !
One cup !—no hand shall dash away,
Whose bitter dregs will soon be mine :
Death pours the draught, and seems to say—
“ This cup, at least, is certain thine !” †

THE PSEUDO AUTHOR.

I CANNOT get a publisher!—

My case is very hard ;

I've struggled long to gain the name

Of novelist or bard ;

I've six Romances *cut and dry*,

Of Epics I have more ;

I've written ballads by the yard,

And sonnets by the score.

One morn I penn'd a Tragedy,

A bloody tale of woe,

It breath'd of daggers, fire, and death,

With four mad scenes or so ;

I read it to a manager

From curtain's rise to fall,

He bade me cut it to a farce—

The cruelest *cut* of all.

I cannot get a publisher!—

They say the press is free—

Alas! the *freedom of the press*

No freedom brings to me.

A slave to dactyles, anapæsts,

Iambics and spondees,

The “well of English undefiled”

I’ve drained ev’n to the lees.

I try to break my chain, and dive

In Learning’s deepest mines,

And yet, in place of getting free,

I’m caught in my *own lines* :

My prose, in periods rounded smooth,

And turned with nicest care,

Will soon a *period* put to me,

Or plunge me in despair.

My syntax is admired by all—

Keep talent out of view—

But I cannot get a publisher!

So what am I to do?

They talk of patrons in the “trade,”

To which I quite agree,

But when I call on one or all,
They will not *trade* with me.

I wrote to COLBURN, hoping he
Would hand me up to fame,
And waited on the tenter-hooks
Till out the MONTHLY came;
But not a line or scrap of mine
Could I find printed there,
Save "To 'O. O.' we say, *Oh! Oh!*"
Which drove me to despair!

Then MURRAY of Albemarle Street,
To him I bent my way—
He said his hands were filled by all
The first pens of the day:
Pshaw! 'tis too bad—were I shown up
In Quarterly Review,
How does he know but I might rank
A first-rate writer too!

E'en LONGMAN has turned short with me,
And CADELL scarce will bow:
MACRONE, he was a *crony* once—
He's not a *crony* now!

They're all alike ;—SIMPKIN & Co.

Looked o'er some lines of mine,
And now they send a line to say—
They are not in that line.

I wrote to Dublin, but I've got

No answer to my prayer,
Although I wished most anxiously
To CURRY *favour* there.

I thought the *Modern Athens* might

Afford some chance for me,
So, charged with trunk, *high pressure* crammed,
I thither hied with glee.

But there the same sad want of taste

I found even to the full ;
They said my grave works were too light,
My light works far too dull.

BLACKWOOD at once did *black ball* me,

And TAIT—'twas silly spite—
Showed me a snuff-shop where they'd buy
As much as I could write.

The PRINTING COMPANY I tried,

Thinking we might agree ;

Alas! they won't make *company*
With either mine or me!
Then OLIVER I thought would take
My tale, "Roland the True;"
But a "*Roland for an Oliver*"
I found here would not do.

The CHAMBERSES their chambers keep
Whene'er on them I call,
And BRADFUTE quickly makes light foot
Between me and the wall;
And he who talked of "types" and "tomes"
Has also turned my foe—
Ye're no sae kind's you should hae been,
JOHN ANDERSON, my joe!

I cannot get a publisher!
And what is to be done?
My Perryian pen will pen no more,
My inky stream is run—
Go get a goose-quill! sink expense!
Come, wind, blow rack or rain,
Big with a summer Tragedy,
I'll try the field again!

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALBUM.

FAIR book of snowy leaves, I come
Thy destiny to tell;
Here love and song shall find a home,
And here shall beauty dwell.

The thoughts, warm from the heart or mind,
That knows no woe or care,
Safe, in thy silken folds, shall find
A dwelling fit and fair!

Young Fancy, from her sunny bowers,
Shall here her wreath entwine;
And here shall summer's fairest flowers
In all their brightness shine!

The rose no winter here shall know,
The lily no decay;
The hare-bell, in perpetual blow,
Shall never fade away!

Here Music, from her throne on high,
Shall sound the golden lyre ;
Her thrilling tones they cannot die—
Here lives her sacred fire !

Here, from her shade, sweet Poesy
Shall wake her voice and sing,
In strains of softest minstrelsy,
Like bird of merry spring !

Or melting low, in dying fall,
The wood-nymph shall reveal
The hopes, the fears, the sorrows all,
That lovers ever feel !

While this thy fate, thou infant book,
Of many tinted hue,
May all who in thy pages look
Find lovers ever true !

†

STANZAS TO AUTUMN.

THERE is a melancholy song
Comes from yon aged tree ;
It tells of summer days now fled,
Of flow'rets dying all, or dead,
Of leaves that withered be.

The primrose of the dewy spring,
The rose of summer gay,
The lily by the shining stream,
And moorland hare-bell, like a dream,
Have vanish'd all away.

The mournful winds of autumn come
In sadness on the blast ;
And every leaf they bear along
Joins in the melancholy song,
That summer hours are past.

And save that plaintive strain, that seems
A requiem for the flowers,
No music wakens in the grove,
No birds chant forth their notes of love,
In summer's sunny bowers.

But not thy song, thou lonely bird,
Though mournful be thy song,
Is half so sad, or half so drear,
As autumn's moaning voice to hear
The rustling leaves among.

And yet ere long, sweet bird, thou'lt sing
A glad and happy strain,
When, from the gentle budding spring,
The smiling sun shall flow'rets bring
To beauty back again.

But I must mourn a flow'ret fallen,
Whose presence charms no more:—
No spring, when balmy breezes blow,
Nor summer sun—my flow'ret low,
To gladness shall restore!

Then welcome autumn's wailing song,
Or winter's sullen gloom;
The dark, the joyless, and the drear,
Best suits with those which nought can cheer,
Whose heart is in the tomb! †

STANZAS TO JULIA.

Pour forth the cup of fame
To those who high would shine ;
A prouder wreath I'd weave for thee—
A happy home be thine !

Some sparkle in the throng,
Some charm within the hall ;
But thou, with native loveliness,
Shedd'st glory over all !

Bright flow'rets fade away,
The loved of look and name ;
But thou, 'mid years of chance and change,
Still bloom'st to us the same !

Thine eye is still as bright,
Thy cheek is still as fair,
Though round thy form, like olive plants,
The fond ones gather there

Health, peace, and joy to all,
Through many passing years,
Shower down on each a mother's love,
"But spare a mother's tears!"

Nor 'mid our fond requests,
Fair Julia, made for thee,
Would we forget thy bosom's lord,
The generous and the free!

He needs no honours given,
When men fill high the wine;
His glory and his honour is,
To hold that heart of thine!

When life's rough blast is o'er,
By which man's bark is driven,
May thou and thine an anchor find
Within the port of heaven!

HYMN TO THE SETTING SUN.

SUN of the firmament!—Planet of wonderment!

Now thy far journey of day it is done;
Still art thou parting bright—shedding immortal
light

Down on thy throne of night, hail! setting sun!

Though we're in sadness—yet nations in gladness
Are waiting to worship thee, fountain of light!
Where'er thy footsteps be, there do we beauty see,
Thou kindest day in the dwellings of night!

Where sleeps the thunder, there dost thou wander,
Down 'neath the ocean deep there dost thou stray

Kissing the stars at morn, high in the air up borne,
Skirting creation's far verge on thy way!

Slow thou depart'st away—far from the realms of
day,

Ling'ring in pity on summer's loved bowers :
Thy last ray is streaming, thy farewell tint gleaming,
Yet soon thou'lt appear to refreshen the flowers!

Grandeur and glory,—they travel before thee,
Brightness and majesty walk in thy train :
Darkness it flies from thee, clouds may not rise to
thee,

When thou awak'st from the ocean again!

All own thy influence—kindly thou dost dispense
Blessings o'er Nature where'er its bounds be ;
Afric's lone desert, it blooms at thy presence,
And Lapland is turned into summer by thee!

Time cannot conquer thee, age cannot alter thee,
Years have no power to limit thy sway ;
Strength and sublimity, still they attend on thee,
Pilgrim of ages!—but not of decay!

Sun of the firmament ! Planet of wonderment !
Now thy far journey of day it is done ;
Still art thou parting bright—shedding immortal
light,
Down on thy throne of night, hail ! setting sun !

†

THE POET'S INHERITANCE.

WHAT is the bard's inheritance ?
Whence do his pleasures flow ?
Are his the joys that fortune yields—
That wealth and power bestow ?
A nobler heritage is his,
Far in the shady bowers,
With all the woodlands waving green,
And all the world of flowers.

For him a thousand songsters sing
In brambly brake, or dell ;
Their language is not known to all,
But he doth know it well !

The linnet pours to him her plaint,
The stock-dove tells her woes;
The thrush unfolds to him her tale,
In words no other knows.

The sunny streamlets, silver bright,
For him in gladness run;
And he partakes of every joy
That sparkles 'neath the sun.
'Tis his to strew each path with flowers,
Life's pilgrimage along;
His mornings are with music crown'd,
His evenings close with song!

And, oh! how bright are poets' dreams,
All free from care or pain!
They rise from lowly earth to heaven,
And come from heaven again.
They picture forth a world of joy,
All lovely to the view,
Where woman reigns in virgin pride,
And virgin beauty too!

They are not poor whom men call poor,
For there's a glory given

To all who bow at Nature's shrine,
Be't ocean, earth, or heaven !
And who is Nature's worshipper
Like him who walks abroad,
And talks with woods, and hills, and streams,
The children of his God !

There is a bound to wealth and fame,
A limit given to power ;
And soon the pomp and pride of state
Exhaust their little hour !
But what can bound the poet's soul—
What chain his spirit free ?
He bursteth o'er the bounds of time,
And grasps eternity !

ODE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SHAKSPEARE CLUB OF SCOTLAND,
9TH OCTOBER 1839.

No wreaths we bring, no honours pay,
To raise our poet's fame ;
We merely lift the cup, this day,
And whisper Shakspeare's name !

That name, o'er Nature's farthest bounds,
Hath to the winds been given ;
The ocean speaks it, and it sounds
Among the stars of heaven !

And mountain streams, and torrents wide—
Dark gushing, deep, and strong—
In wintry grandeur and in pride,
Pour forth our poet's song !

While song-birds of the earth and sky,
That wake the coming day,
Attune their notes, and sing with joy
The wild Shaksperian lay!

Or by some wild wood, lone and drear—
Soft moonlight on the land—
Fancy awakes, and, lo! you hear
His sylvan fairy band!

But chiefly when fierce passions rise—
Revenge—Remorse—Despair—
Or those that speak the fonder ties—
Then, Shakspeare! thou art there!

Thou art not dead—but pass'd away—
Removed—but art not gone;
Though ages with their crumbling sway
Long over thee have flown!

Beside thy harp—loud trumpet-toned—
Alike for joy or woe—
Thou sitt'st 'mong sunbeams high enthroned—
Dark clouds they roll below! †

INDEX TO SONGS.

*Those Pieces, throughout the Volume, marked thus † have
not appeared in former Editions.*

	PAGE
Æ bonnie day, æ simmer day,	13
Awake, dearest Madaline,	16
Awake, ye midnight mariners,	23
Adown the glen the saft winds blaw,	36
A canty sang, O, a canty sang,	45
Again let us welcome this day mair than ony,	49
Away to the woodlands,	60
Again the day, the happy day,	61
Awake the song, and let it flow,	76
Awake, my harp, thy saftest lay,	95
Again let's hail the cheering spring,	105
Awa', ye cauld lovers,	114

	PAGE
Again my native cot appears,	118
Awa', ye flaunting days o' spring,	138
A bumper to thee ! a bumper to thee !	150
Again the circling march of time,	167
A lowly pilgrim, weak and worn,	170
Again let us welcome this blithe happy day,	172
Away, boys, away, boys,	193
Away to the chase,	200
Bonnie lassie, fairest lassie,	83
Blithe, blithe is Willie Millar,	85
Blithe, blithe, we'll a' be merry,	109
By Roslin's ancient towers,	123
Bonnie are the braes,	199
Come, fill my wine cup to the brim,	54
Come, a' ye jovial toppers,	209
Deep moaned the night,	38
Days of sorrow, nights of mourning,	189
Drink it yet, drink it yet,	193
Dinna think, bonnie lassie,	242
Fair was the morn, an' clear the sky,	34
Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,	63
From the land of our sires,	78
Flow, gentle streamlet,	135
Fair maiden with the bright blue eye,	229
Gather in, gather in, ane an' a', ane an' a',	156
Glenyalven, wi' thy valleys green,	217

	PAGE
Hurrah! for the foaming sea, my love, . . .	15
Hail to the Mystic Band,	175
In the days o' langsyne, when we carles were young, . . .	1
I sing of the land of auld Scotland,	52
I dream not now!—the charm is fled,	136
I've aye been fou sin' the year cam' in,	164
I looked long at thy window, love,	204
I courted Maggie mony a day,	207
I heard a maiden plaintive sing,	248
Like thunders loud the war drum comes,	9
Let galled Greece an' fettered Spain,	127
Let younkers boast high of their loves and their joys, . . .	257
My love is no for gowd nor gear,	122
My Marianne! why comes she not?	177
My bonnie Bell, my bonnie Bell,	202
My home is the Highlands,	240
My soul's not in the motley throng,	251
Now simmer walks in robes o' green,	144
O! the flowery month of June,	7
O! thou broom, thou bonnie bush o' broom,	18
O! the bonnie braes of Scotland,	31
O! what is this world, wi' its wealth and renown, . . .	42
O! the Queen of merry England,	58
O! bid that sun not shine so bright,	66
Of Bessy Bell an' Mary Gray,	70
O! my bark, dost thou long to be free,	74

	PAGE
O ! this were a bright world,	80
O ! come, my lassie, Calder banks,	88
O ! do ye ken P——, the taxman an' vriter,	90
On simmer nights, when saft winds blaw,	101
O ! the gowan's in the glen, an' the winter is awa',	103
O ! Dumferline toun is a bonnie, bonnie toun,	120
O, gin I had a keekin' glass,	125
O, wha are sae happy as me an' my Janet,	130
O ! could I lose the power of thought,	140
O ! the happy days o' youth,	152
O, my love, night is come,	157
O ! strike the wild harp, and its chords let them swell,	161
O ! why left I my hame,	162
O ! the lily of the valley,	179
O ! could I but picture my lassie, sae charming,	183
O ! Jenny, let this strife be ower,	191
O ! lassie, dear lassie, 'tis hard, I declare,	197
One star of the morning still lingers,	213
On Ettrick banks, ae simmer night,	219
O ! take me to yon sunny isle,	227
O come to the wine bond,	231
One song, and since it is the last,	250
Pity the lads that are free,	20
She's awa', she's awa', I lo'e dear,	72
Scots wha hae the duties paid,	111
Success to all sailors who wend o'er the ocean,	238

The summer comes, but not in joy,	3
The harp of Scotia dear,	5
The simmer sun now blinks again,	11
'Tis sair to dream o' them we like,	25
The dancing wine, the dancing wine,	40
The mirth's left the glen, and the music the green,	44
The hour is come, my Mary dear,	47
The gallant bark now quits the strand,	56
They will come! they will come! the bright flowers,	65
Thou weary morn, when wilt thou dawn,	97
There's pleasure when the morning sun,	99
The trump of war hath ceased to blow,	107
'Tis the first rose of summer that opes to my view,	113
The boatie's rowing ower the deep,	116
'Twas not the song, 'twas not the dance,	133
Tenting sheep by muir and glen,	142
The saft simmer e'enin' is gliding awa',	148
The mavis sings on Mary's bower,	154
The bright sun o' simmer but lately was shining,	159
The sun behind yon mountain,	185
The poets, what fools they're to deave us,	187
The grave it holds my fairest now,	214
The charm of life hath passed away,	223
The autumn winds are blawing,	225
The battle flag waves on the breeze,	233
The glory of England shall rise,	235

	PAGE
The lily now blooms in its beauty, . . .	236
The minstrel sleeps!—the charm is o'er, . . .	244
Thy roses, England, must be fair, . . .	246
The roses flower and fade unseen, . . .	253
Thou harp of song! why sleep'st thou now, . . .	255
The bard of Ettrick's silent now, . . .	259
We've a bonnie wee flower, in a far countrie, . . .	27
Where Manor stream rins blithe an' clear, . . .	29
We cannot live our days again, . . .	82
What means a' this scorning, my lassie, . . .	93
Write, write, tourist and traveller, . . .	146
Why tarries my true love so long on sea, . . .	206
Why linger in a world of care, . . .	221
Young Willie, the ploughman, has nae land nor siller, . . .	68
Yestreen I slept an' dreamed o' her, . . .	181
Ye rax me a bicker, and dunch me to sing . . .	215

INDEX TO POEMS AND BALLADS.

	PAGE
THE Midnight Review,	265
Music,	269
Stanzas to Mrs M———'s children,	271
Winter song of the flowers,	273
Funeral dirge for William IV.,	276
The death of the infants,	278
It's oh! gin I were young again,	281
To a sleeping infant,	284
O! the merry hunting days are gone,	286
The bard of song rose in the west,	288
It was 'bout the Auld Hansel Mononday time,	291
There cam' to our village a stranger,	295
O! tell me, gin thou wert a king,	298
Stanzas written in Miss ——'s album,	301
What's in a name,	303
Stanzas written among the ruins of a village church,	305
Paraphrase upon Isaiah, chap. xxxv.,	308
Ezekiel's vision,	311

	PAGE
Song of peace,	315
The poor man's grave,	318
"There is much between the cup and the lip,"	321
The pseudo author,	324
Inscription for an album,	329
Stanzas to autumn,	331
Stanzas to Julia,	333
Hymn to the setting sun,	335
The poet's inheritance,	337
Ode written for the Shakspeare Club of Scotland,	340

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

LINES WRITTEN IN RESTALRIG CHURCH YARD.

(OCTOBER 8, 1848.)

REMOTE, romantic, solitary spot,
Where sleep the dead—removed, but not forgot !
Where the loved ashes of the lost ones lie,
Tears o'er their grave—their memory a sigh !
A father's worth, although not known to fame ;
And what a magic in a mother's name ;—
The harebell lifts its humble head in spring,
When gaily o'er the young flowers song-birds sing,
While Summer's glories in their beauty wave,
But faded leaves become the silent grave !
'Tis Autumn now !—and short the sun's bright
beams—
Sad leaves fall thick—an epitaph each seems,

In colours bright'ning, or in tint that dies,
Each o'er its turf-clad grave proclaims—"Here lies
A child, to better lands thus early gone,
Before, perhaps, the evil years come on ;
A parent gathered to his last abode,
Though dust be here, the spirit 's up to God !
A brother, sister, sleeping thus below,
While round their 'narrow house' the mourners go !
An honoured patron, or a loving friend,
This is their resting place—this is their end !"
How calm the churchyard on this solemn day,
Silence secure, and busy world away,
Unless half broken by the Sabbath bell,
Whose tones no echo from the stillness tell.
Shades of the dead ! in melancholy bloom
Around you still some flowers take from your gloom,
To show that though Death's Winter reigneth here,
Hope's Spring shall bloom when Joy's eterne is near ;
What time, or late or soon, when life's round 's o'er,
And I must walk this waking world no more,
Here let me lie—this be my place of rest,
Where sleep the weary, and repose the blest !

SONG.

TUNE—" *The Brier Bush.*"

OH ! weel I mind the days, by our ain burn side,
When we clam the sunny braes, by our ain burn side,
 When flowers were blooming fair,
 And we wandered free o' care,
For happy hearts were there, by our ain burn side !

Oh ! blithe was ilka sang, by our ain burn side,
Nor langest day seemed lang, by our ain burn side,
 When we decked our woodland queen
 In the rashy chaplet green,
And gay she looked, I ween, by our ain burn side.

But the bloom hath left the flower, by our ain burn
 side,
And gath'ring tempests low'r, by our ain burn side.
 The woods—no longer green—
 Brave the wintry blasts sae keen,
And their withered leaves are seen by our ain burn
 side.

And the little band is gane frae our ain burn side,
To meet, ah ! ne'er again, by our ain burn side,
 And the winter of the year
 Suits the heart both lone and sere,
For the happy ne'er appear by our ain burn side !

THE DREDGING SONG.

(NOTHING in the romance of music can be finer than to listen from the beach, on these fine autumnal mornings, to the song of the New-haven fishermen plying the oar and hauling the oyster dredge.)

HURRAH ! for the oyster-dredging song,
 Ye pilgrims of the deep ;
The autumn winds are fresh and strong,
 Why, then, your moorings keep ?
The morning mists fast clear away—
 Night's reign of darkness o'er—
Up sail ! up sail ! 'twill soon be day,
 Then leave the slumb'ring shore.

The ocean wand'ers court the gale
 Which roars from sea to sky ;
But we who raise the tiny sail,
 The active oar must ply !

With early breeze we sweep the seas,
With steady stroke and slow ;
The sea-birds high above us fly,
And the oyster sleeps below !

There 's glory in the golden field,
When the sickle glances bright ;
But not like the joys the waters yield,
When their treasures come to light !
Our hands were made for the bulky wave,
Our hearts are firm and strong ;
And we launch our bark—be it light or dark—
Hurrah for the dredging song !

LINES ON HEARING THE GREAT
ORGAN AT HAARLEM.

(AUGUST 5, 1849.)

VAST fount of sound—whence is thy power ?
Æolus breathes in thee,
In thunder bursts, or swelling low
In softest melody !

What time thou wak'st thy voice, we think
The whirlwind blast is come,
Joined by a thousand trumpets loud,
Each with its rolling drum !

As flame wakes flame when cities burn,
Far-spreading, wide, and strong,
So when thou speak'st the air becomes
One living sheet of song !

Thy notes are notes of joy ! and now
They tell of deepest woe ;
Alternate given, as frail man finds,
In this sad world below !

Were echo dead, and song no more,
Nor mirth nor mournful strain,
Fresh from her caves thou would'st awake
The trembling tones again !

Exhaustless is thy power ! thy might
No diminution knows ;
As much of song remains, though now
Thou slumb'rest in repose !

'Tis silence all ! as is the grave
Where fond ones claim a tear,
They are not dead—they only sleep
As music sleepeth here !

THE LAND OF BURNS.

INSCRIBED TO DAVID AULD, ESQ., DOONBRAE COTTAGE, AYR.

THIS is the land of Burns !—here song
Poured forth its tide of purest joy,
'Mong woody braes, in gushes strong
And music's melting ecstasy !

Here nature, robed in fairest sheen,
Gives out her flowers, in beauty rare ;
With woodlands waving darkly green,
Along the bonnie banks of Ayr !

And Doon, loved fairy-haunted stream,
Sings sweetly as it flows along,
(Fit music for a Poet's dream !)
As conscious of the Poet's song !

How long it flowed by bank and bower,
Unseen, unsung, unknown by all,
'Till grasped by Burns's magic power,
As winter chains the waterfall!

Roll on, fair stream! in gentle wave,
Singing soft music, to the sea;
Thy song, the praise of him who gave
To thee thine immortality!

LINES UPON A MOTHER'S DEATH.

WEEP not for her!—ye mourning throng,
Nor let the bosom heave a sigh;
Rather awake the joyful song:
This day a saint hath reached the sky!
A spirit pure hath passed away
From earth to heaven—from night to day.

Weep not for her!—no melting tears
Need fall, though thus unbid they flow;
Full in the given round of years,
She's parted from a world of woe!
A world where sin and death hold reign,
Whose touch she ne'er shall taste again.

Weep not for her !—if joy is given
For true repentant sinners won ;
How much more joy is felt in heaven
For one who always loved the Son ?
On earth his cross was her renown ;—
In heaven, behold ! she wears the crown.

Weep nor for her !—the journey 's o'er ;
Though sometimes weary was the way,
With troubles oft and trials sore,
Still the good Shepherd was her stay.
His word, his law, was her command,—
His rod, his staff, was in her hand.

Weep not for her !—darkness and death
May claim the mortal frame of clay,
And friends may seek the silent path
That leads to homes shut out from day !
But whom ye mourn,—she worships now
Where kings, and priests, and angels bow !

Weep not for her !—a chosen band
Bid her high welcome to that shore,
Whose waters wash the better land,
Where sin and sorrow meet no more ;—

Where the pure spirit now is free,—
Where care and weeping may not be.

Weep not for her!—the seraph's song,
“Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,”
Is shouted heaven's high courts among;
And ONE more voice now swells the strain.
Take comfort, children, do not weep,
She did not die, but fell asleep.

DIRGE

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN WILSON, THE VOCALIST.

FAR on a foreign shore the minstrel sleeps,
His harp on willow branches all unstrung,
Save when the breeze across it trembling sweeps,
Faint echoes 'wak'ning of the strains he sung!

Not on the banks of Tweed's fair silver stream,
Nor in some nook he rests on Fortha's shore,
His “narrow house” 'mid strangers—soft his dream!
His dirge the Niagara's troubled roar!

Who now shall swell thy songs, old Scotia dear ?
The "Ewe-bughts, Marion," "Gowans in the glen,"
"Farewell, Lochaber !" or the "Parting Tear,"
"Up, gallants, up ! we'll a' be Charlie's men !"

A wee bird chirping cam' to our ha' door,
Across the wide and wild Atlantic main,
Sad was its song—"The voice is heard no more,
That, dying, hath not left its like again !"

The Bruce's charge—"Scots who with Wallace
bled,"
Or, "Bonny Tibby, I ha'e seen the day,"
"My love is like the rose, all blushing red,"
Or, "Forest Flowers a' weeded are away !"

If kindred spirits meet in better lands,
A Ramsay, Ferguson, and Burns are there,
To give him welcome with outstretched hands,
Who of their fame divided half the share !

And thou, great Minstrel of the mighty north,
Thy laurels spreading as wide-spread thy song,
Wilt bid a vocal brother thus come forth,
Who poured thy lays our woods and wilds among !

And like the fabled bird that dying sings,
In sweetest melody that singing dies,
So WILSON, ere he spread his up-borne wings,
Gave out his sweetest strains 'neath foreign skies !

The broom shall wave on Cowden's hills and plains,
The heather bloom on uplands far and free,
The song-birds wake again their mellow strains
What time that bud and blossom crown the tree.

The mountains shall give forth their torrents strong,
These to the sea shall fall in many a river,
But WILSON ! power and light of Scottish song,
Thy voice is hushed—to wake again, oh, never !

THE WITHERED ROSE.

ON FINDING ONE IN THE AUTHOR'S COPY OF DANTE.

THE rose lies withered, once so fair—
The rose that Mary gave to me
In years gone by, when, free of care,
We met on Roslin's flowery lea.

Some fragrance yet its leaves retain,
Some ling'ring tints of beauties o'er ;
As in my heart past joys remain—
Long withered now—of her no more !

Too pure to mingle in life's stream,
Too bright for earth's oft clouded sky,
She left us ere the sunny dream
Had shown 'twas one of briefest joy !

Dante ! thy love to Beatrice,
Than mine to Mary not more strong,
Though thou hast placed in lasting bliss
Thy lost one in thy lofty song.

Lone withered rose ! I'll keep thee still ;
Thee no rude hand shall take away ;
And o'er thee shall my bosom thrill,
Though thus thou restest in decay.

Young springs shall come, and summers warm
Shall wake the flow'rets of the year ;
But no fresh flower shall raise a charm,
Like thou, poor rose, that sleepest here !

SONG.

ELIZA ! fairest, dearest treasure,
Hear my vows and list my prayer,
In thy presence there 's a pleasure,—
And my heart—thou'rt circled there.
When the moonbeams softly falling,
Kiss the lake or flowery lea,
Echo fast on echo calling,
Dearest then art thou to me !

When the winds are gently blowing,
And the morn in smiles appears
With the sun all brightly glowing,
Drying up fair nature's tears !
When the streams from purest fountains
In music murmur to the sea,
Greenwoods waving on the mountains,
Dearest then art thou to me !

Then Eliza, while for ever
Thou shalt hold my heart in sway,
Let not fate nor fortune sever
Love that ne'er shall know decay.

Years shall flow in purest gladness,
Days shall pass in happy glee,
Joy shall banish care and sadness,
Eliza ! when I'm loved by thee.

A VOICE FROM THE HERMITAGE.

GIVE welcome ! give welcome !
The spring comes again,—
Plough up the red land,
And throw in the grain !

Winter,—its long night
Hath now passed away,
And spring-time, all fresh'ning,
Now bursts into day !

Young flower and song bird
Strive to recall
The last days of sunshine,
And joy over all.

Man, high, immortal,
Should join in the strain,
That glad verdant spring-time
Awaketh again.

Snow-storms have melted,
Ice-streams are free,
Sweetly they flow on
In loved melody.

Woods, tempest-shaken,
Awake from their gloom,
And, in their spring vestments,
Now bud into bloom.

Glory advances
The sere leaves among,
And waits for the echoes
Of fast-coming song.

Then welcome ! O, welcome !
The spring comes again ;
Plough up the red land,
And throw in the grain !

TO MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

LOVED image fair, of one I love,
A picture prized art thou by me !
One feeling only doth me move—
Affection—when I look on thee !
And though the tints of eve are told
In gathering shades around thee hung,
Still in thy smile I yet behold
The face remembered once as young !

Not lost the rose, though fled its bloom,
The fragrance of the flower 's the same ;
And Winter, when it comes in gloom,
Takes nought from Summer but the name !
So those far travelled on life's day,
To them our warmest wishes spring ;
Like ivy when the walls decay,
The closer round them we shall cling !

Loved copy of a dearer still,
Fair hands have fashioned thee, and thou
Dost show the artist's subtile skill,
The placid face, and lofty brow !
b

A mother's love ! a mother's care !
If aught of earthly fame be mine,
'Tis thou that fame with me must share—
One half these honours they are thine !

My mother !—in that honoured name,
A thousand swellings fill my heart,
To mark her worth, and walk the same,
The upright and the noble part !
Not wealth, perhaps, nor honours riven
From some remote or ruthless tie,—
But to her children she hath given,
What wealth and honours will not buy !

Then, image of a mother dear,
Long may'st thou be the transcript still,
Whilst she the living copy, here
Mak'st thou the second in our will.
The earth shall give no more of green—
The sun no more shall gild the sea—
Stars shun the night—when I, I ween,
My mother, shall not think of thee !

SONG.

SET TO MUSIC BY PETER M'LEOD, ESQ.

COME hame, lassie, come hame,
Come hame, lassie, come hame,
Come hame o'er the sea, to your country and me,—
Oh ! come, my dear lassie, come hame !

Bleak winter it took you awa',
A wearyfu' absence to me,
But winter is past, wi' its cauld sleety blast,
And simmer now glints on the lea !
Come hame, &c.

They talk o' their fair foreign maids,
But their beauty, nae doubt, ye wad shame ;
Yet trust me, my dear, whaur'er you appear,
O, I think you look aye best at hame !
Come hame, &c.

I've strayed whaur we aft used to stray,
By woodland and saft singing burn,
I've counted ilk hour, and I've watched ilka flower,
Till simmer would bid you return !
Come hame, &c.

I'll shelter ye in a wee bower,
A' safe frae the wind and the rain—
And joy then to me, in perfection shall be,
For then my dear lassie's my ain !

Come hame, lassie, come hame,
Come hame, lassie, come hame,
Come hame o'er the sea, to your country and me ;
O, come, my dear lassie, come hame !

ODE TO WINTER.

DREAD winter, thou com'st in thy rage,
Thy harbinger whirlwind appears ;
Thou art old, but not weak in thine age,
Nor art thou bowed down with thine years.

From whence is thy power, mighty king ?
Whence camest ? and where dost thou stay
In the summer and bright budding spring,
Whose flowers thou hast withered away ?

Thou raisest the winds in the sky,
Thou wakest the storms on the deep,
The navies which sink 'neath thine eye
Never maketh that stern eye to weep.

I'm sad when I think of thee still,
For thy white locks are covered with sleet,
Around thee the wind bloweth chill,
The cold drifting snow 's at thy feet.

Why wreak'st thou thy vengeance on man?
Why wage so unequal a strife?
Dost not know that his life is a span?
In that span is the winter of life!



SONG.

THE mem'ry of the past
Comes like a sunny ray—
A spell that fain would last,
A dream that long would stay.

The vision bright and fair,
Appears in hues of spring,
Or decked in garlands rare,
When summer's song-birds sing.

Yet soon it fades and dies,
For who would dote or dwell
On early hopes and joys,
That lang have ta'en farewell.

When youthful prime is flown,
Its freshness and its flowers,
In music's mournful tone,
Sing—"Farewell, happy hours!"

A SABBATH AMONG THE MOORLANDS.

INSCRIBED TO HIS FRIEND THE REV. MR CRUICKSHANK, MINISTER OF
MANOR PARISH, PEEBLESSHIRE.

THE Sabbath bell! how glad the sound,
That calls from earthly care,
To worship in the solemn place—
The holy house of prayer!

But chiefly in the moorland wild,
In some sequestered dell,
Far from the stirring haunts of men,
I love the Sabbath bell!

'Twas morn—a winter Sabbath morn,—
With deep and drifting snow,
When to the house of God the bands
With joyful hearts did go.
O'er moor and mountain, wood and wild,
They bent their lonely way,
To spend within its sacred courts,
A holy, happy day!

The aged—reverend in their age—
Ah! well the path they knew—
Came forth, all conscious that on earth
Their Sabbaths would be few!
Weep not! ye aged ones, nor mourn
In this your house of prayer;
In heaven, a long, long Sabbath is,
And ye are welcome there!

The young, whom care had blighted not,
Nor sorrow bended low,

Assembled where their fathers' sires
Had worshipped long ago.
Nor pomp, nor state, nor wealth, nor rank,
Nor high distinctions given,—
They seemed a family met on earth,
Before their God in heaven !

“Praise ye the Lord with joyful hearts,
And glad hosannahs sing,
This is God's house, and this his day—
Ye people praise your King !”

All with one voice obey the call,
One heart the notes prolong,
And ne'er from high cathedral choir
Burst forth a nobler song !

Like waters, o'er their pebbly bed,
That murmur as they flow—
So swelled this song—so dear to those
That Scotia's Sabbaths know.
And when their pastor, father, friend,
Poured forth his soul in prayer,
It seemed as if the blessings craved
Showered down in mercy there !

Another heavenly song now sung,
Another closing prayer ;
And now the band of worshippers
For happy homes prepare !
If heaven has bliss—oh ! earth has peace,
When those who brothers be,
Walk in that love of Him who made
Mankind as brothers free !

SONG.

LANGSYNE the flow'rets bloomed aye fair,
And a' that met the view ;
The glens and bonnie woodlands wild,
Seemed clad in beauty too !
And blithe was ilka birdie's sang,
Whatever strain was sung :
Oh, a' on earth was loveliness
In the days when we were young !

Nought then did bode o' grief or care,
Nor sorrow e'er was dreamed ;

But a' things shone wi' purest joy,
Ilk' face wi' pleasure beamed.
On ilka tree, like Eden's bower,
The fairest fruit was hung,—
Oh, sic a world o' happiness
In the days when we were young!

The maidens walked in virgin pride,
A' lovely, fair to see—
The gathered treasures o' their heart,
Seemed glancing in their ee!
And we, their willing slaves, around
Their budding beauties clung,—
Oh, then sic joys and tender ties
In the days when we were young.

But age, life's winter, hastens on,
And with relentless sway,
The hopes, the joys o' sunny youth,
Takes all our dreams away!
Fond loves all lost, and friendships dead,
And hearts wi' sorrow wrung—
These now we hold for what we mourn
In the days when we were young.

SONG.

MY own, my true loved Marion !
No wreath for thee I'll bring ;
No summer-gathered roses fair,
Nor snow-drops of the spring !
O ! these would quickly fade—for soon
The brightest flowers depart ;
A wreath more lasting I will give—
A garland of the heart !

My own, my true loved Marion !
Thy morn of life was gay,
Like to a stream that gently flows
Along its lonely way !
And now, when in thy pride of noon
I see thee blooming fair,
Be peace and joy still o'er thy path,
And sunshine ever there !

My own, my gentle Marion !
Though 'tis a world of woe,
There 's many a golden tint that falls
To gild the road we go !

And in this chequered vale to me,
A light hath round me shone,
Since thou cam'st from thine highland home,
In days long past and gone !

My own, my true loved Marion !
Cold, cold, this heart shall be,
When I shall cease to love thee still,
To cheer and cherish thee !
Like ivy round the withered oak,
Though all things else decay,
My love for thee shall still be green,
And will not fade away !

BIRTH-DAY RECOLLECTIONS.

OH ! for the songs of other years,
When life and joy were young,
When nought but gladsome tales were told,
Or mirthful strains were sung !
When birth-day "healths" with welcome high,
Were given with cheerful brow !
Our cups, alas ! in silence pass—
We've nought but "memories" now !

And round our little social homes
Was seen that watchful eye—
One who, though knit to us on earth,
Yet raised our hopes on high !
She who in childhood's helpless days,
Around our couch did bow :
A mother's name no more gives fame—
We've nought but " memories " now !

Youth's days are fled, and in their stead
Came sorrow, grief, and tears ;
And for the sunny morns of song
We number heavy years !
Fond friends are gone, and we alone
Must 'neath afflictions bow :
Time was when we gave happy healths—
We've nought but " memories " now !

SONG.

I HAVE dreamed of thee in the silent night,
When Nature was hushed in repose ;
I have thought of thee when the morning light
O'er a slumbering world arose.

I have loved thee when summer's golden beams
Fell soft on thy beautiful brow,
But ne'er in my waking or midnight dreams,
More dear than I love thee now !

I have wandered with thee by the valley green,
Where streamlets meandering flow—
For where is thy image, I fancy the scene,
The sweetest to mortals below !
More softly the songsters pour forth their lay,
The flowers at thy fair presence bow :
O, I've loved thee by night, and I've loved thee by
day,
But never more dearly than now !

Then since I have loved thee, gentle one,
O, say that I'm loved by thee ;
And Time, as he travels his swift journey on,
Shall make thee more lovely to me.
Each hour that I gaze on thy fair beaming eyes,
Or look on thy placid brow,
Emotions shall waken, and joys shall arise,
As tender and true as they're now !

SONG.

THE GERMAN STUDENT'S RETURN.

THE Rhine ! the Rhine ! beloved river,
We have traversed many strand,
Now returning, we shall never
Leave again our fatherland !
The Rhine ! the Rhine !

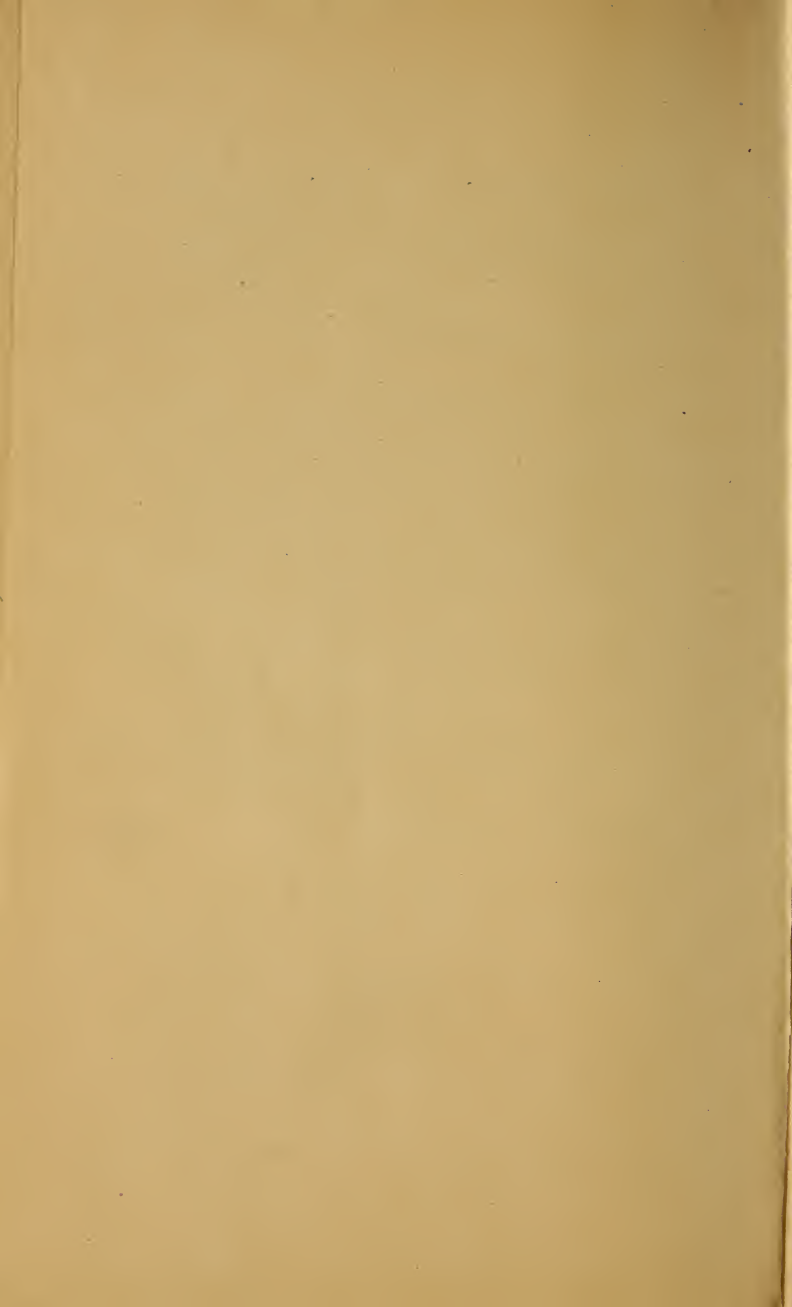
Morning mists, how fast they're clearing
From the lofty Drachenfells,
While our barque is steady nearing
To the homes where beauty dwells !
The Rhine ! the Rhine !

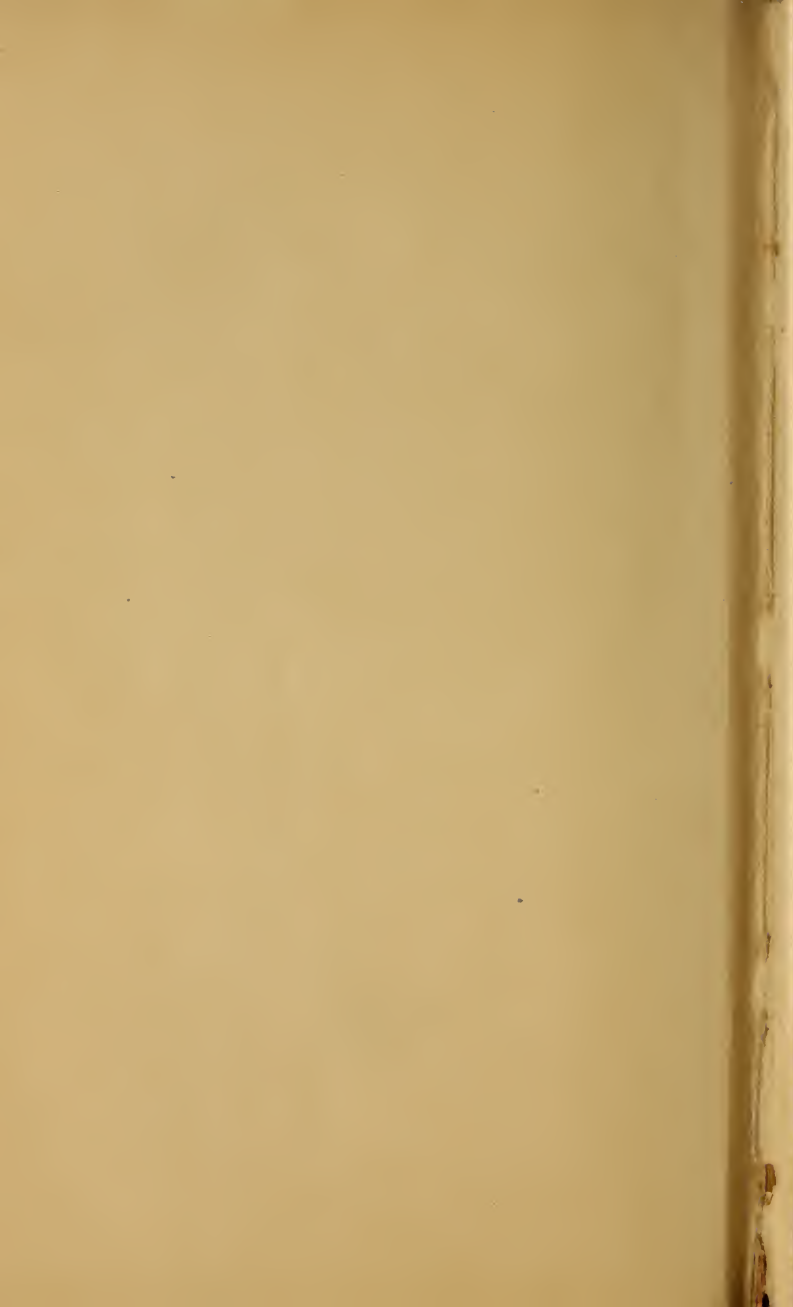
Hark ! the hunter's horn is sounding,
Back to cave the echoes bring,
While our hearts with joy are bounding,
And the song of home we sing !
The Rhine ! the Rhine !

See the young vines how they're creeping,
High o'er mountain peaks they grow,
While the sunbeams softly sleeping,
In the fairy dells below !
The Rhine ! the Rhine !

Ancient keep and castle hoary,
How we welcome thee once more !
Where with wassail, wine, and story,
Passed the merry days of yore !
The Rhine ! the Rhine !

Flow, thou bright, romantic river,
In thy beauty ever flow,
And our steps shall linger ever,
Where the rocky vine trees grow.
The Rhine ! the Rhine !

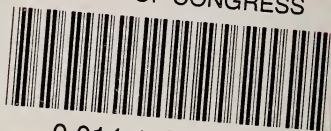








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